

the man's home companion!

50¢

(GAP)

Adam

VOL. 10 NO. 8

**HOLLYWOOD'S
ALL WET!**

**THE BROADS
THAT MADE
MILWAUKEE
FAMOUS**

**fiction bonus: stories
by JOHN STEINBECK,
MARLAN ELLISON,
ROBERT EDMOND ALTER,
RAYMOND FRIDAY LOCKE
and D. G. LLOYD!**

Las Vegas' famous Silver Slipper is America's new home of burlesque . . . see page 9



BOOK BONUS

- THE SATYRICON** translated by Paul J. Gillette 4
Another episode of the improbable antics of those hilarious Roman cartoon

FICTION

- ONE FOR THE FAMILY** Robert Edmund Alter 6
The family skeleton was a well-guarded secret—but it could be used for revenge
- PRIDE IN THE PROFESSION** Harlan Ellison 14
He was a true craftsman, but just one little slip was fatal to his life's work
- A SHORT-SHORT STORY OF MARKING** John Steinbeck 42
Not altogether in jest, the master story teller spins a parable for our time
- PLAY A SAD SONG AND I'LL DANCE** Raymond Friday Locke 54
No music could really portray the truth of his sadness—so he cried

ARTICLES

- MOVIE MAKING IS ONE DAMP THING AFTER ANOTHER** Jay Shorsham 18
The watery ponds behind the seemingly effortless task of making it look good on film
- THE BROADS THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS** Jay Schiller 26
In those days, the city was better known for its breads than for its beer
- ART COLONY BLUES** Clark Collins 58
Where (and how) to get away from it all—one jump ahead of the populace

PICTORIAL

- LIFE BEGINS AT MINSKY'S** Charles Rayburn 9
A new version of old-time burlesque at the Silver Slipper in fabulous Vegas
- VICKY'S BACK** Joe Crane 32
Gorgeous Vicky Kennedy revisits, and is this month's ADAM'S EVE
- ALL ABOUT YVETTE** Ron Vogel 47
Lovely Yvette Monre knows all about herself, and tells some of it

HUMOR

- THEY'RE SINGING "BON VOYAGE" BUT NOT FOR ME** O. G. Lloyd 62
The farewell was so exciting, he almost didn't leave

DEPARTMENTS

- ASK ALTHEA** Althea Curner 29
Some serious answers to a few provocative questions
- ADAM'S TALES** 52
A few chores to help you through the month
- DEAR ADAM** 66
Opinions of some of our readers
- THINGS TO COME** 67
The best is yet to come
- BEHIND THE COVER** 68
A few comments on our cover girl



Vicky Kennedy, our favorite English model is back in town. See page 32!

BOARDING E MOORE Editor / JAMES BUTTER Assistant Editor / NELSON VAN DYKE Assistant Editor / GARY PAULSEN Editor Editor / ROBERT E. KING Photo Editor / FRANK DOWNES Art Director / BOB BROWN Copy Editor / FRANK BEALING Assistant Editor / CYRIL W. BELL Managing Editor / GUY JAMES DAVID HADLEY THOMAS Editor / Contributing Editors / VICKY LYNN Editorial Assistant

ADAM MAGAZINE, Volume 18, No. 8, August 1986 cover. Published monthly by Knight Publishing Corp., Burton Office, 8800 Wilshire, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048. Editorial material to: P.O. Box 49112, Los Angeles, California 90049. Copyright © 1986 by Knight Publishing Corporation. Reproduction in Western Europe & E. European Book Society, P.O. Box 4124, Amsterdam, Holland. Back copy may be marked in whole or in part without written permission. Printed in the U.S.A. Return postage should accompany unsolicited manuscripts and reviews. The advertiser accepts no responsibility for return. Any liability between sender and addressee must arise from the writer and publisher in this magazine and not from sender and place of publication.



Another episode in the hilarious lives of those con-men of ancient Rome

SATYRICON

Continuing the memoirs of Petronius as translated and reconstructed by PAUL J. GILLETTE

The Escape and Meeting with Eumolpus PART VII

HE SLIPPED OUT OF the diving room without being spotted and proceeded in a single file to the portico, with Ascylos in the lead, followed by Gito and then by me. There was no trouble until we came to the last gate. There, however, a large dog barked upon us so furiously that Ascylos was knocked into a fishpond. Gito, frightened, fell in with him, and when I endeavored to take hold of them and pull them out, I fell in myself.

The water in the pond was ice-cold and most peculiar—it was thicker than ordinary water, as if flow had been raised in with it, and our bodies seemed to have no buoyancy. Unable to swim, we grasped at the edges of the pond for support, but they gave way when we touched them.

It took great effort to keep my head afloat and to breathe. I felt myself sinking more deeply into the thick water, and soon I was in as far as my chin. Ascylos and Gito were faring likewise.

Certain that we would drown unless someone came to our rescue, we shouted desperately and pleaded for help. Presently, a porter came by and walked calmly toward the edge of the pond.

"What is the trouble, gentlemen?" he asked, seeming quite unconcerned.

"Save us!" I shouted. "We are drowning."

"And whose fault is that?" he replied. "You certainly can't blame me."

"Come now, man," said Ascylos. "We aren't blaming you. We are only asking your help."

"And why should I help you? I didn't push you in the pond, so why should I fish you out?"

"Please," wailed Gito. "Have a little compassion."

The porter thenupon tossed a rope, which we all grabbed, and he hoisted us halfway out of the water.

"What are you doing out here, anyway?" he asked us. "The party is inside."

"In the name of everything that's good, man, pull us out," shouted Ascylos. "We're freezing here."

"I assure you that it couldn't matter less to me, gentlemen. Now, if you wish my help, you'll answer my questions. Remember, it is I who am holding the rope. I can let it go whenever I please and you're helpless to do anything about it."

I thought it might help our cause to call to the porter's attention the fact that his master, Trimalchio, was inside dying.

"Surely," I said, "you'll want to see your master before he's dead. Hurry, then, and pull us out, so you can run in and join the other mourners."

The porter smiled and spoke in the patient manner of a mentor describing a matter of the utmost simplicity to a sluggish student.

"Trimalchio dies at every banquet, my friends," he said. "It is part of the evening's entertainment. I've seen the death scene a thousand times. I don't mind missing it."

"Have mercy on us, then," said Ascylos. "We would do likewise for you."

"Would you?" asked the porter. "Tell me, now. Suppose I were drowning in the pond and you were on the shore taking your pleasures with the man or woman of your choice. Would you interrupt your lovemaking long enough to rescue me?"

"Of course," said Ascylos.

"You lie," replied the porter. And, with that, he let the rope go. We tumbled into the water again, and the porter did not grab the rope again until we were back in as far as our necks.

"Now," he said, smiling menacingly, "answer my questions or I'll let you go and you will drown."

"Very well," said I. "Anything you like."

"What are you doing out here?"

"We were attempting to leave the party," I said.

He smiled, apparently satisfied, and immediately pulled us out of the water. Shivering with the cold, we huddled together and looked at him fearfully.

"You see, gentlemen," he continued, "I only ask that you be honest with me."

We nodded our willingness to be completely honest.

"Now, then," he went on, "why did you want to leave the party?"

"We were unhappy there," said Ascylos. "We were not enjoying ourselves."

He smiled again, and nodded approvingly.

"You are honest men, and I am happy to see it. Now I'll release you and you can go back in with the rest of the guests."

"But, we do not wish to go back in," said Ascylos. "We wish to leave. Won't you please show us the gate we came in by?"

He shook his head back and forth sadly.

"I am sorry, my friend," he said, "but you are mistaken. If you think you can go out the same way you came in. That's against the rules."

"Then how does anyone leave here?" I asked.

"No guest ever did," he replied.

"Come now," said Ascylos, "you don't mean to tell us that every guest who ever set foot in Trimalchio's house was doomed to spend the rest of his life there?"

The porter smiled sadly.

"I don't mean to tell you anything," he said. "This is the way life is, gentlemen. You can't tell anyone anything because he won't believe you anyway."

Ascylos looked at me and frowned.

"The man's a loon," he said. "We'll never get any help from him. Let's see if we can't find another exit."

Thenupon, still shivering, we walked away from the porter and began searching for another gate. When we finally found one, there was on guard there, another porter, this one much larger than the first.

"Don't bother asking me to let you out," he said, as if he had read our minds. "It is against the rules."

"Sir," said Gito, "please listen to our plight. We were invited here by a friend, Agamemnon. We had no idea that

—turn to page 36

The fine name of the family was at stake so he brought the skeleton out of the closet to save it

■ NEVER DID TELL my wife about Cousin Turl. You couldn't expect a narrow minded person like her to understand. It would just give her further cause to insult the Tope family, the way she was forevermore doing about our ancestral mansion.

"Mansion?" she would cry, and a red gleam would start to glow in her pupils. "You can still call this rat-haunted barn a mansion? Ha! Well—I suppose I had it coming. I should have known better than to trust the word of a so-called Southern gentleman from one of the, pardon me, aristocratic Virginia families. But to listen to the way you described it when you asked for my hand! Oh my, that was something else. You actually had me believing in a fine old pre-Civil War mansion with a magnolia drive and formal gardens and a Cocco-porcion. And look! Just look, please!"

At times like this I would sink deeper into my grandfather's old horsehair chair and try to harnade myself from my wife's wrath by hiding behind the evening paper. But she would snatch it out of my hands and throw it on the floor.

"At least have the courtesy to look at me when I'm talking to you!"

Then I would make a futile attempt at defending myself—

"Well but, dear, there are magnolias and formal gardens and a port—"

"Oh good Lord! Are you amma, dear? Have you poked your little red nose out the front door recently and looked at that run? The magnolias are dead! The gardens are weeds! And what you laughingly refer to as

—turn the page



ONE FOR THE



FAMILY

by ROBERT EDMOND ALTER

FAMILY, from page 7

the portico looks like something you'd expect to find in Pompeii!"

And then she would start to pace up and down the room, spewing vindictive cigarette smoke all over my ancestral portraits — whose painted eyes always seemed to be viewing her with marked disapproval. And finally she would start to screech at me like a hyoid.

"Well, all I can say is — you had better get some money into this family, and quick! Or you're going to find yourself without a wife! Do you hear me? If you think I'm going to walk around harricoted in this Tobacco Road monotony, then you

and Pomp, our colored help. She had sworn me to secrecy when I was nine, and I never did tell anybody. Nobody in my entire life.

"Job," Gramma Serena would say to me when I was little, "Have you taken Cousin Turl his dinner yet?"

"No'm, Gramma Serena. I'm going right now." And I'd go into the big stormy kitchen and ask Mammy Jo if Cousin Turl's dinner was ready yet. Mammy Jo always had a wide smile for me.

"You gwan feed dat boy agin, Job? My my. Purty soon dat worthless ol' Pomp won't have a thing to do around here, and you doing all his work for him."

Turl, it's me, Job."

Often as not he would be sitting in the dark because his lantern had gone out and he didn't know how to relight it. But it never bothered him any because he could see in the dark like a cat. Then, from somewhere in the foxy-smelling darkness of the room, I'd hear him soft, throaty laugh — "Ho, ho."

When I got in there with the candle Cousin Turl would likely be sitting on his rumpled cot sticking pins in a mouse or something like that he had recently caught.

"I've brought your dinner, Cousin Turl," I'd say to him, and he would grin and lick his thick lips and hide his mouse or whatever it happened to be under his greasy pillow, and I would hand him his tray with the iron bowl and cup on it.

I always enjoyed watching Cousin Turl eat. We never gave him any knives or forks because we were never quite sure what he might do with them. But he didn't need them anyhow. He would sit there with the tray on his lap and lurch over it making mouth-smacking noises and dig in with both his hands, getting his food all over his face and down his front and on the floor. He loved to eat.

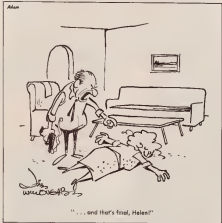
He was only about seventeen at that time, but he was a big overgrown bulk of a boy with bushy shoulders and long thick arms and huge clumsy hands that came to his knees. It had been Gramma Serena's idea to keep him in the cellar. That had been after the men had come for Cousin Turl's mother, my Aunt Mayella, when he was only five.

My Aunt Mayella had been a little peculiar, and her husband used to say he couldn't do a thing with her. She would get out at night by climbing through the house windows, and even out of the coachhouse windows, when he would lock her in there. She was a great chamber.

But the trouble was she would scare people in the dark — the neighbors or anybody who happened to be passing by. And then there was that unfortunate thing that happened to poor Mr. Randall the night my aunt got out with Pomp's straight-edged razor. Right after that these men came and took her away.

From what Mammy Jo told me, Gramma Serena was furious. She said it was enough of a disgrace to have her daughter in an institution, and that if she just sat by and let them put her grandchild in one too, then people might begin to suspect that there was something wrong with the Tople family.

Which was nonsense. — of course. Return to page 40



"... and that's final, Helen!"

have another think coming! And if you can't get it, then I'll just have to make my own arrangements, dear!"

You see? SHE simply never could have understood about Cousin Turl. She was a Yankee, for one thing, and they always have such closed minds about things like that. But perhaps I'm prejudiced because even my Gramma Serena used to fret over what people would think if they knew about Cousin Turl.

But I always understood I liked him. And even when I was only ten Gramma Serena would let me help take care of him. Because she trusted me as one of the Tople family, you see? The way she trusted Mammy Jo

"I like feeding him," I would say. "He's my cousin and my friend."

Then she would give me his deerskin tray and a wooden bowl and the key, and I'd go down the long drafty hallway to the east wing. My great-grandmother had closed up this wing after the War, because her husband had died there from a wound he had received at Cold Harbor. An old wise cello was under that wing, but nobody except the family knew about it. My wife never did know.

I'd go down the brickwork steps with a candle to see my way, and into the big musty yellow cellar and over to the mahogany door where we kept Cousin Turl, and unlock it.

"Cousin Turl!" I'd say. "Cousin



LIFE BEGINS AT MINSKY'S

BURLESQUE may be dead some-
places but not in Las Vegas where the famous
Silver Slipper is packing 'em in with its sensa-
tional "Life Begins at Minsky's" revue. The
show features tall, beautiful girls in a series of
skits—mostly requiring little or no clothing—



and the standup comedians that were the mainstay of burlesque back when Ann Corio was the undisputed queen of the runway. Harold Minsky, the producer of the show, not only is the man who can bring burlesque back to America—if anyone can—but he has made an excellent beginning toward doing just that. "Las Vegas attracts people from all over the country," he says, "and when they come to our show the older ones remember just how much fun burlesque really was. Like one man walked up to me and said one night after sitting through two shows, 'there sure ain't nothing like this on television' . . . and he is so right."




The famous Silver Slipper in Las Vegas is the new home of American burlesque



"...you can't see anything like it on television."



But the Silver Slipper-Minsky review is burlesque with a difference. The mother-in-law and toilet jokes are gone, replaced by take-offs on such modern characters as James Bond. In one skit the world situation gets the needle and even Japanese manufacturers come in for some wry kidding. The Minsky girls are all tall and leggy — and beautiful, just like those handsome showgirls that made grandpa sit up and take notice at the Old Main Street Theatre.

But it isn't all "modernized." There are still baggy pants comedians and the razz-my-tazz of the old burlesque music. All-in-all, the Minsky show is as exciting as anything in Las Vegas. 





PRIDE IN THE PROFESSION

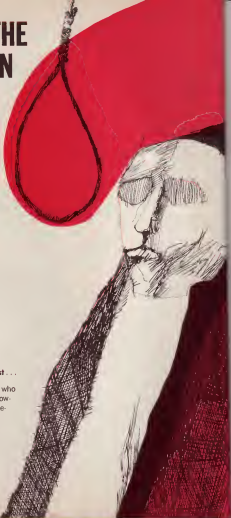
by HARLAN ELLISON

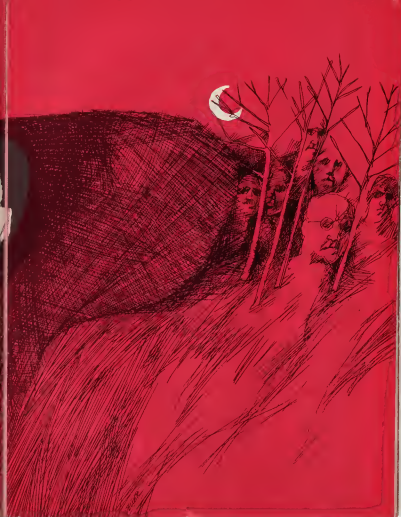
He was a true artist but his first mistake had to be his last . . .

THERE WERE MANY who called the lynching of Eustace Powder a blot on the previously-unblemished reputation of Princetown, but for Matthew Carty, it was the handing-down of a letter-day Ten Commandments.

The alleged crime for which the dusty Negro was swung high is of no consequence at this time; suffice it to say he was innocent, if not in

—from the play







**Adam Reader #24
is on sale now at
your newsdealer.
It's new... Get it!**



PRIDE, from page 15

thought, at least in deed, indeed, but all things pass, and the momentary upheavals that result in the neck-strutching of one unimportant dark man are of no importance in the shadow of later, more elegant events.

For it was the excitement, the crowd-respect directed at the man who knocked the rope and threw it over the skin's thick branch, that struck eight-year-old Matt Carby with such lasting force. The humid, expectant rustle of the summer day, the pavement warm beneath his bare, dirty feet, the women watching flame-eyed. It was all such a rich experience, he could not put it from him.

There was even an unexpected touch of homespun humor. The black, black man's last request, peculiarly offered by one of the local nicksells, was to have a pair of dice, to hold in his hand when they swung him aloft. "Those who live by the bones gonna die by the bones!" replied the last-request-man, and fishing in his own jeans, he came up with a fine cubed set of red plastic dice, as neat a set of see-through galloping dominoes as ever was. And giving them to Eustace Powder, the local happyman, patted the Negro on the cheek. "Roll a natural, boogie," he grinned, and the black man clenched them in his fist tightly as they yanked him aloft.

The face of the gap-toothed Eustace Powder, his mouthings of horror and expectation. The gurgle and retching and final gasp as he swung clear of the ground. He seemed to thrash and twitch interminably. It was one of the two high points of Matt Carby's life, even if Powder did drop one of them.

In the light of that one incident, his entrance was systematically directed, all the day he died, many years later.

For Matt Carby liked the idea of being a hogman.

There was a certain pride a man could take in such a profession. So he took pride, and he took the profession. It suited him, and he suited it. A wedding of the right job with the proper tool.

Matt Carby had always been a little man. Not a small man, for that is a thing of personality, and Matt's personality was just fine, thank you. He was outgoing and dryly witty, with perception to temper it, but this was too much offset by his lack of height—on almost comical lack. He was five feet, one inch tall.

He had often considered elevator shoes. Only the inherent hypocrisy of them prevented their purchase. In their place he substituted an almost pathetic eagerness for love and friendship. Indiscriminately, Matt Carby made friends.

Unfortunately, they did not stick to

him for long

"Jeez, it's real funny, meeting a guy from Princeton here in Chi. I mean, me being a guy from Houshau, I mean that's only twenty-six miles, an' this is a helluva big town. Wants 'nother drink, Matt?"

"Oh, golly, no. So tell me—oh, what was it? Harold?—Harold, tell me, what are you doing here in Chicago?"

"I'm a lawyer for a lawless house. You know, I guess rules and cuttings. How about you?"

"I'm at the U. of C."

"No kidding?"

"Uh-huh. Studying plane geometry and advanced engineering design."

difficult. Being a normal, red-blooded American lad, Matt Carty sought the companionship of attractive young women. But in that case, also, it was star-crossed.

"Matty, pleaseee!"

"Aw, c'mon, Jennie!"

"Now, Matthew Carty, if you don't take your hand out of there, I'm getting out of this car this minute!"

"I thought you loved me."

"... well... I do, but..."

"But what?"

A prolonged silence.

"Isn't the night cool, Jennie?"

"Mmm."

"It was on nights like this that the

feel of good hemp stretched taut. There was the satisfying rigidity of a great weight swinging free, like a pendulum, at the end of a straight plank. There was the heady wire of sound produced by the progression of an execution.

Feet mounting scaffold

Grinding about

Muffled prayers

Mass puffing cigarette

Adjustment sounds, most precise.

Trap release

The door banging free

The rhuuuuuuuuu!

The humming!

The sound of silence

From the first tentative stirrings within him, the subliminal cravings for recognition—recognition in the field he had chosen—Matt Carty had gone about the business of preparation properly. First high school, with emphasis on woodworking (in case of do-it-yourself emergencies), mathematics, abnormal psychology, dynamics of geometry and a fine grounding in biology—one must know the merchandise with which one works.

Then college, with several architectural courses, penology, criminology, gossip behavior classes, ethics, advanced vector analysis and even biochemistry. He did not stay long at any one University, however, and as a consequence, he never came up with a degree of any sort, how could he, the variegated courses he undertook, a smattering of one, a spray-exposure to another.

And oddly enough, there were no deterrents to his career. His parents at first expressed a white-faced horror and complete refusal of co-operation. But they were much too involved with their own problems—the with her religion composed of unequal parts of devout hypochondria and rampant nymphomania, and he with his God, the mighty green Buck—so they sent young Matthew to the schools he wished to attend.

Thus he observed the slaughtering of cattle, watching carefully as they were weighed and hung. He sat in at executions. His eyes were constantly on watch for stresses and effects brought about by pressure and dead-weight. He earned on harmless experiments.

He went to study at Columbia, and fell in with a disparate clique of Greenwich Village bohemians, one of whom was a bottle-sobriety brunette named Candice who inducted him into the mystiques of sex and liquor, narcotics and bad poetry, and who cast him huckleside aside some months later, leaving him with a bruised id and a resolute determination to become the first hangman in history to

—turn to page 22

Alan



"Would that more than the Ming Dynasty were to rise again?"

"What business are you in?"

"I'm a hangman."

"-uh?"

"That's right. I'm a professional executioner. I work free-lance for the States. Of course, I haven't had too many jobs to my credit, but, well, you know... you've got to start somewhere. You see, I'm studying the mathematics of falling weights, and the force of vectors so when I—my, where are you going?"

"-uh—I just saw an old friend of mine, a business acquaintance—L, uh, gotta go. Say, it was real swell meeting you, take it easy, huh?"

End of friendship

With love, it was considerably more

haggard of Henry the First's period prepared these scaffolds."

"What a perfectly sick thing to think about, Matt!"

"Who, what's sick about it? I think it's a real fine thing to think about. I mean, after all, it is my line of work."

"Your a haan?"

"I, uh... heh-heh..."

"You told me you were in lumber!"

"Heh-heh..."

"What, exactly, do you do for a living, Mr. Carty?"

"I'm a, uh, well, I'm a h—"

End of love.

But the hazards of the trade were offset by other, more ephemeral pleasures. There was the pleasure of the



Wet and cold, June Wilkinson smiles for the camera.

Hollywood stars are being paid—and risking pneumonia for getting wet before the camera!

MOVIEMAKING IS

MOVIEMAKING is a tricky business. There is the ultimate glory thing that spins almost every beauty contest winner throughout the land to catch the next bus to Hollywood — and most often ends up waiting on tables in a hamburger palace, merrily one of the customers and sitting down to a life of absorbing a sort of reflected glamour that the town seems to radiate.

Most of these girls (and boys) never think about the hazards of being in movies, see the hard work either for that matter. Someone once asked long-time movie queen Barbara Stanwyck what she hated most about making movies. Miss Stanwyck stared at him for a moment, then answered, "Getting up at five o'clock in the morning."

That should dispel the notion that movie stars lie around in bed until noon, get up and toil before the cameras for a couple of hours before getting dressed to go out for a night on the town.

Then there are other hazards. Lila falling off a horse or getting slapped down over and over until the director is satisfied and the camera angle was right.

Then there are a whole variety of stock stories. Such as shooting one scene so many times the whole set is burning. There are the backstage

feuds that are legend in Hollywood. One feud between two movie queens became so ferocious on the set of a film they were making last year that one of them had to withdraw from the movie. She entered the hospital for a long rest.

Then there is the story that sexy June Wilkinson tells about making a film with a certain leading man. It was a love story and June was required to kiss him constantly before the camera. Well, the man's favorite posture was hooting all right and he never did brush his teeth before going before the camera to snooch with June. Have you ever smelled a beer breath the morning after? It can be pretty gruesome, especially when, as in June's case, you don't drink yourself.

Finally June had enough. So she got up an hour early one morning and spent the extra time drinking beer, eating onions and chewing on garlic — with tears running down that beautiful face! But from then on her leading man showed up with his breath kissing sweet.

Another Hollywood beauty, Diane Baker, recently was required to pick up a knife on camera. Diane stumbled, fell on the knife and had to be taken to the hospital, she lost so much blood.

— turn the page



Michael Parks (above) and Robert Redford (below with Natalie Wood) got wet for the movie camera in recent films.



Steve McQueen was required to spend hours up to his neck in mud for Nevada Smith.



by JAY SHORTHAM

ONE DAMP THING...



Beautiful Sophie Loren took a shower for her new movie, *Judith*.

Lately Hollywood's treasured box office heroes and heroines are being asked to face a new hazard before the cameras — getting wet.

Those movie sets can be pretty cold, and the risk of pneumonia is fairly great. The movie bath started years ago but these days there seems to be a bathing scene—or two—in almost every film made in Hollywood.

When a bathing scene is shot for a movie, it really isn't a matter of just getting into a tub and letting the cameras roll for a few minutes. The shooting may go on for hours. Sometimes even for a couple of days.

Take that picture of Jane Wilkinson on page eighteen. Well, let her tell about it.

"Cold! I had goosebumps on me the size of cherries. They got the cameras all set up, the lighting adjusted and told me to get into the water. I got in, and guess what? Well, the water was supposed to be heated — it was only in a swimming pool. But somebody forgot to turn the heat on and it was freezing. With everyone standing by what could I do but go through with it? I was in that water for almost three hours but after the first ten minutes I became numb and it wasn't so bad anymore. But I was sick for three weeks afterwards."

The picture on page twenty-one is of Marlene Van Doren's Janotta here bath in *Three Nuts In Search Of A Boy* — and she was completely nude when the sequence was shot!

But Marlene has no pretensions about nudity before the camera. As she says:

"I have always been in favor of un-concealability."

"I'll never forget the day producer Timmer Noonan took me to lunch and asked me to take a beer bath for our picture. The idea intrigued me right from the beginning. I pictured myself before the cameras for the whole world to see and me in nothing but studs so I said okay."

Lately Hollywood's male screen idols have been getting in on the act, too. Dean Martin took a bath with beautiful Beverly Adams in *The Silk Stocking*, and from the expression on his face when that bit of film showed up on screen he enjoyed every minute of it.

...AFTER ANOTHER



Mavis Van Doren's beer bath for *Three Nuts In Search of a Bolt* was "sticky"

Michael Parks, who appears nude in the forthcoming *The Bible*, was required to hose himself down in his new picture, *The Idol*. At least they gave Robert Redford a bathing suit to wear when Natalie Wood scolded him in *This Property Is Condemned*. In *The Swingers* Ann-Margret and Anthony Franciosa took a shower together—with their clothes on. Both Barbara Stanwick and Steve McQueen were required to wallow around in mud puddles while the camera rolled for days in recent films.

When a new film called *Judith* is released this summer, movie fans are really in for a treat. Beautiful Sophia Loren leaves little to the imagination when she takes her shower before the camera!

But it's all just getting wet, Hollywood style, and another barrel of the business. Perennials, anyone?



Ann-Margret and Anthony Franciosa get hosed down in a scene from *The Swingers*

PRIDE, from page 17

bring neck-stretching out as a sincere art-form.

Soon enough, for he was — as noted — perceptive and diligent, he begot a certain efficiency and style in the matters of lampmanship. So, figuratively speaking, he hung out his shingle.

He offered himself — after his first bawling — to the state of New Hampshire. His apte was reasonable, his manner quick and orderly, and the job was dispatched with aplomb and a certain grace. His reputation was very much like a paraser virus: It spread to odd places and sank deep roots.

By the time he was an unwrinkled thirty, Matthew Carty was known as "that hanging man" and he had acquired a sort of fame that was responsible for his articles in THE SATURDAY REVIEW, and THE AMERICAN PENOLOGIST. He was known as "that hanging man." This was a true appellation.

There were high points, of course, as there must be in all careers of note.

The celebrated swinging of "Lousy" Harry Gottsman, the helicopter-employing nuttier, in Montana. His was a singular case. Mr. Gottsman weighed three-hundred and sixteen pounds. It brought Matthew Carty to the notice of law enforcement agencies in each of the (then, nine, now seven) states and two territories where hanging was the accepted form of capital punishment. And, until they became states, switching to life imprisonment, Hawaii and Alaska, as well. For Gottsman's demise was achieved with a facility and ease that could only be arranged by a genius in his field.

In his way, Matthew Carty had become the Prisoner of the scaffold.

There was an all-expense-paid trip to Hawaii, in the sixth year of his fame, sponsored by the local government, to perform what the officials called an "alpha ceremony" on Miss Melba Rooney, a four-time potometer of husbands, not all of them her own.

There was the notoriety gained from the Restout Case, and its accompanying gaudy activity on the part of the Utah state police to locate Algeron Restout's victim, a certain Miss Marlene Helf, known locally as an exotic dancer. Mr. Restout had separated the well-known belly dancer from her equipment — with a neat cleaver.

Public sentiment was high on that occasion, the bleachers were packed, and the popcorn sales were a local record high. Matthew Carty fulfilled his obligation to an attentive audience.

In each case, and to each hanging, Carty brought a certain indefinable

gentleman and savoir-faire that were identifiable to the perceptive as an unflagging pride of his profession.

He was the best, and there was no getting around it.

Then, when he had begun seeking his plates in warm salt water, when he had acquired a sturdy set of goose-backs around his eyes and nose, when he had been worned by his doctor to move slowly in protection of an aging heart, when he was, in short, in the thickening of his lifetime, he was called upon to create history.

IT WAS SEVERAL MONTHS after he had completed the execution of a certain gun-runner named Mokkiss, who had butchered his partner with an axtompe over a cooler out of flirt nigrion on the cruise back from Cuba, when the governor of the state of Delaware contacted him.

By official conveyance, Matthew Carty was brought to the State House, and in secret session with the Governor — that year a rather portly man with a predilection for cigarillo and fetid breath — was informed he was to preside at the hanging of Dr. Bruno Kolles.

Matthew Carty's aging heart leaped into his wrinkled throat. The culmination of a glorious career! The piece de resistance!

Matthew swallowed heavily, and swung his short legs in the air with restrained emotion. It was a high-legged clear, and though he felt awkward, this was news enough to subvert his feelings of awkwardness.

The Kolles case was a cause celebre. The tabloids had been publicizing steadily on the matter, publicizing his arrest and conviction for over seven months.

Anna Pasteur had been a cancer victim. Her days had been numbered, and her body wasting away. It had been a body loved with singular ardor by Dr. Kolles, and as a result of the strain and horror visited upon the good Doctor at sight of his patienter wasting away, a mercy killing had been performed, her hand locked in his throughout the activity with hypodermic and sleep-inducing drug.

It had been quick and with sweet terror. But he had been discovered in the act by a jealous nurse, a remarkably horsey woman he had several times rebuffed, and she had turned him in. The case had been followed with much accompanying conjecture and opinion from all sides.

It was in fact the situation that the country was divided in its feelings. Half the people believed he should be turned loose — for he had been an act

of compassion, easily understood and condoned — and half believed he should be hanged with bestial speed.

Thus it was that the Governor of the state of Delaware (chewing on a fetid cigarillo) told Matthew Carty "We cannot chance a slip-up in this matter. Public sentiment is too strong." There was a detectable note in the Governor's voice, vague reminiscent of subliminal hysteria. "You can do a speedy job, without trouble, can't you?"

Matthew assured him he could. He was most convincing. The tariff on this execution was slightly higher than usual, for the prestige was greater.

Prestige, yes, but more! This was the high point of a career marked by high points.

On the morning of the execution, Matthew felt strange quivers in his stomach. He told himself it was the nervousness of his greatest job, the most exciting bit of artistry. It was as Vincent completing *La Gioconda*, it was Wilbur and Orville on that chilly morning near Kitty Hawk, it was Melville scribbling out pithily the last magnificent lines of "Moby Dick."

He felt like Icarus soaring toward the sun.

The public notice — which would not be removed until after the execution — had been posted some twenty hours before. The demonstrators had been staunchly turned back from the prison walls. The sheriff, jailer, chaplain and surgeon of the prison all were present, as well as several day-faced relatives, assigned to the fate of Dr. Kolles.

Matthew Carty made a point of never meeting the man (or woman) he was to execute, but today was something special, something remarkable, so he went to the cell in the late afternoon, rubbing his chin wearily.

He wanted to meet the man who was soon to be the most intimately involved with his art. It seemed foolish, though oddly disquieting, somehow.

Kolles was a short, fat man. Not quite as short as Matthew, but still under five-and-a-half feet. He had a fine hairline mustache that seemed almost hesitant about its own existence, and he took the impending stretching of his neck with restrained impotence.

"Are you the man who is going to do this thing?"

Matthew nodded. "I thought I'd come in and say I'd make it as quick as I can."

Kolles bowed his head. A red flush came up from under his shirt and clouded his face. "What kind of a man are you?" he asked with a quiet

— turn to page 24



FREE

...your choice of one or
both of these fantastic gift
editions just for
subscribing to
KNIGHT Magazine

FREE—THE SATYRICON

Empero Nero had all copies of this book destroyed and the author banished for daring to reveal the gross sexual perversions and corrupt morality threatening Imperial Age Rome. The "Satyricon" was a masterpiece, the first book ever written in the novel form, but its destruction was virtually complete. Even the few remaining fragments, found from secretly hidden manuscript were feared and forbidden because of their content. Many remained untranscribed from their original Latin and were available only to scholars. Now Dr. Gillette gives new life to this great classic by reconstructing it in its entirety, complete and unexpurgated. This unique 224 page book is yours free with a Knight subscription.

FREE—SIX LINDSAY ETCHINGS

The most famous and rarest of all Satyricon etchings are those of the great Norman Lindsay. Published in a limited privately printed edition of only 650 copies by the Hawthorne Press of London, these magnificent plates were for sale only to subscribers. Today they are locked securely in institutional and private collections—valued and undisturbed by the public. By a unique stroke of good fortune we have been able to borrow one of these sets and have six of the boldest for reconstruction. Each one is full size and of breathtaking quality and detail. Each is magnificently printed and suitable for framing or as an addition to your prized collection. All six of these rare etchings are yours free with a Knight subscription!

KNIGHT

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE ADULT MALE

What makes a magazine great? Not circulation! A magazine that tries to appeal to everyone can never be great. It can develop a big circulation by catering its content and enveloping its reader in mass-produced mass appeal in a gloss for the masses. Knight is made of sterner stuff. It is most certainly not an ordinary magazine. Knight sees the sunny and the madman in the world we live in and dares bring you this world naked, unadorned and undistorted. Knight knows that girls are not just pretty pictures but real flesh and blood beauties, alive, exciting, wonderful. You meet the most beautiful in Knight, in breathtaking full color and startling honesty. You travel the world over to see life as it really is and not as an "Ice in Wonderland" fantasy. Articles in Knight deal with adult subjects, not childish trivia. In a recent issue, Dr. Spornitz describes the sexual salient and Doris Scott explores such touchy subjects as wife swapping and pre-marital sex and their impact upon the structure of our society. Knight's satire is and its humor robust, its viewpoint strictly adult. Knight is a great, long-size magazine published just for you.

DETACH AND MAIL TODAY!

KNIGHT MAGAZINE

Dept. A-4 • 8000 Wilshire Avenue • Los Angeles, California 90046

YES! I accept your free gift offer. Please enter my subscription to Knight Magazine on the following basis and send my free gift(s) as indicated:

- ☐ One Year Subscription \$4.00 (Foreign \$9.00)
(check one, your choice of either free gift)
☐ The Satyricon ☐ Six Lindsay Etchings
- ☐ Two Year Subscription \$13.00 (Foreign \$17.00)
☐ You get both free gifts: The Satyricon and the Six Lindsay Etchings

Enclosed is \$_____ (cash, check or money order)
payment in full for my Knight Subscription. Rush me
my free gift(s) and first issue immediately.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

PRIDE, from page 22

fury. It was the first sign of emotional strain he had evinced since the beginning of his trial. "I'm a man who tries to save lives," but "poor" you took it, without apparent comprehension.

Carty stared at him silently for a moment. Then he leaned down and stuck his uncomplicated face into the Doctor's. "I'm a craftsman," he explained. "My idol has always been Henry I of England. Do you know why? Because he furthered the cause of hugging. He was a great man, and his life has given me inspiration. I'm an artist, Doctor. My work is important. I take a great deal of pride in it because I'm the best in my field."

"Can you understand that?"

None of it made much sense, and of course the good Doctor did not understand.

Dr. Kolles turned his face to the wall.

Matthew Carty left the cell, and went out to the courtyard where the white pine scaffold rose in clean-lined serenity. This was the first time he had been talked to like that since the days of his rude beginnings, when the girls had slapped him and turned grey at mention of his beloved trade. The days before fame had made him tolerable, if not socially acceptable. He had envied himself, and this stripping off of his shell left him raw and unprotected. He shuddered to himself.

The fools, he thought, they could never understand me.

He checked the wash weights and the oiled trap. He checked the arm and the lever and the footboards for squeaks—which made an unpleasant effect of jolting when he struggled so earnestly for sobriety and seriousness. Yes, everything was in readiness.

Kolles would drop eight feet before the breaking strain. And served him right.

Yet that nervousness, compounded with the annoyance generated by the Doctor, and the pressure of the event itself, further unsettled Matthew Carty. He began to perspire for the first time in his life.

He found himself biting his perfect little nails.

How glorious today would be—his ultimate triumph!

When they brought Kolles out, with the seamstress trailing along behind (and that hideous sub-sister from the New York paper, with her chemise such too gay for this occasion) something seemed to frazzle inside Matthew. For as Kolles emerged out of shadow, he stuck his tongue out at Matthew Carty.

Carty was too surprised to be

flabbergasted.

It was very much like that time in Alaska, up past White Horse, when he had had to throw out the heap in a bucket of boiling water before he could do the job. Or the time in Kansas when the fall had been too great and had pulled the preacher's head off. He had been annoyed then, too, but he had been much younger and his confidence had returned, buoyed up.

Not now—

Was he getting old, unsure of himself? Had he lost his confidence in his talent?

He swallowed heavily, and strong Kolles up.

the thugger three-knot method as used in India. He had made an extensive study of choke methods in his embarrased youth, but had, in later life, realized the truth of tried and true old-fashioned approaches.)

His joy was constrained, but enormous. His fingers sang at their work.

He did not notice the knot slip around, as he moved away.

Perhaps it was untidiness of hand.

Perhaps the glory of this event in his career had smothered him.

Perhaps he was not aware of the stress on the rope.

Perhaps Kolles jiggled a bit, out of spite.



Kolles stuck his tongue out once more.

"Stop that!" Matthew braced under his breath, but Kolles just smiled cherubically.

The execution would be accomplished by the fracturing or dislocating of the first three cervical vertebrae, hence crushing the vital centers in the spinal cord.

Matthew heaved the mass of love, sackbut and dulcimer.

He placed the knot behind the ear for the most symmetrical garrote. It was more artistic than the method favored by lesser talents—under the neck.

(In point of fact, Matthew favored

Any of these are possibilities.

In any case, when the lever was thrust home, and the trap spring opened beneath Kolles, and he plummeted the eight feet to tumbling at the end of the line, he did not break his neck. He did not die. Obstinate!

The sub-sister screamed and mangled her gay chemise.

The newsmen's faces screwed up hideously in expressions of compounded horror, as their eyes moved back and forth, as though they were watching a tennis match in slow motion.

The pulpit turned pace, then grey, and fled.

The chaplain began praying.



A dark, moody illustration serves as the background for the page. It depicts a woman lying on her back, her body partially obscured by shadows. To her left, a heart-shaped object with intricate patterns is visible. Below the heart, a striped, cylindrical object, possibly a leg or a prop, extends towards the bottom of the frame. The overall tone is somber and artistic.

When Milwaukee's reformers tried to stamp out prostitution,
their major opponent was the Chief of Police

THE BROADS THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

by JAY SCHILLER

AT THE TURN of the century, it was heads and breasts—not beer—that made Milwaukee famous. At its height as a wide-open city, it equalled even San Francisco's fabulous Barbary Coast. A stone's throw (or a brisk walk) from Milwaukee's City Hall was River Street, some ten square blocks housing the nation's best in sporting houses.

Kitty Williams, for a truly independent example, was a palace of 42 rooms done in lavish, exotic decor and staffed by beauties who lived in the

—turns the page



BROADS,
from page 27

graced style, slipping champagne and Sunday-postcarding in the latest, costliest fashions. Kitty's was valued by the newspapers as the "finest house east of the Mississippi."

But the patterns of society, stirred by the ebbing Victorian age, were already shifting rapidly. Crusaders were abroad in the land. Soon River Street would be a strange battleground. Here, the crusaders for public morality would meet in grueling combat with—oddly enough—the forces of the law. And each side would have its knight-defenders.

In 1911, gathered under the banner of their champion, State Senator Lanley, the crusaders launched their attack with a new law that called for the closing of what they euphemistically called the "aggregated districts." Unlike the old law, the Lanley law, as it was known, had teeth. The City Fathers, who had always accepted the fact of prostitution's existence, used but could not politely ignore the new law as they had the old. It seemed that River Street's red-lights would soon flicker and die.

But the forces of "public morality" had failed to reckon with the hard-headed practicality of one man, a man of granite character and build, with 25 years' experience in dealing with the gay ladies of River Street—Milwaukee's Chief of Police, John T. Janssen. His long career had shaped him for this moment. Now, willing or not, Janssen was thrust suddenly into the role of River Street's knight-defender.

For a year following the Lanley law enactment, the red-lights still winked brightly along River Street, but finally the stern-faced, German-born Janssen was forced to close the district officially. Then he met the crusaders' advance with their own weapon—the Lanley law. When the district had been so full swarming, Janssen's men roamed through it making arrests freely whenever the demands of River

Street overstepped what he, Janssen, arbitrarily considered their limits. With the closing of the district, however, Janssen's whole department was suddenly letter-observant of the law. Arrests were made only when someone presented unblushable evidence. Under this mantle of protection-by-default, the sweet taste of River Street, though scintillated, carried on as freely as ever. While the barrel-chested Chief thus flouted their champion, the crusaders came to a slow boil.

What was Chief Janssen's reasoning? What were his motives in fighting for wide-open prostitution? Was he, in some darkly hinted, in the pay of Kitty Williams and her friends? If so, Kitty and Company earned a whopping big overhead that must have included payoffs for the Sheriff, the District Attorney and his whole staff, the Mayor and his Aldermen—in fact all of the town's chief burghers, including some of Janssen's political enemies, men who would have given anything to see him ousted. All of these men, without exception, stood solidly with the Chief on the River Street issue, all of them closed ranks with him, awaiting the showdown they knew must come.

It was not graft that drove Janssen to take his embattled stand, it was the reasoning and knowledge born of his long experience. Prostitution was inescapable, he knew, it was an institution. "There will be as much vice," he said, "as the people themselves want." And on this same point, a friend and contemporary, one Dr. H. M. Brown, seconded the Chief, saying that the morals of the city were no better, no worse with the closing of the district, that "historically, campaigns against vice always fail, since they are launched against a thing rooted in human nature."

Experience had taught the Chief that his job was to contain and control prostitution, not eliminate it. Indeed, his own early efforts to eliminate it had taught him that it seemingly was impossible. He had once tried to use existing laws, which called for a \$25 fine for each "act of prostitution" (no small amount of money, when eggs were about 12¢ a dozen), to take River Street out of existence. It couldn't be done. Strangely enough, it was the crusaders of those earlier years who made him desert from what they roughly termed "public purgery." And so he learned that containment was the wisest course, and open vice was easiest to contain.

"When the segregated district existed we kept the prostitutes within the limits of that district," the Chief once told Lanley himself.

"I had special policemen who did nothing but watch. Whenever they

found a prostitute outside that district they arrested her at once. The odds were not to let the district spread into the residence section of the city."

Janssen's "watch-dogs" not only ranged in the River Street district, but prowled it constantly for the one thing the Chief would not tolerate—"white slavery." With the full power of his office, Chief Janssen blasted any Keeper or Madam who employed as underage or runaway girl, or who kept any girl against her wishes. The department kept a record of all prostitutes and all house operations. "When a new girl came to a house," explained Janssen's ruthless boss and eventual successor, Inspector Jacob Leubshenker, "the keeper notified the police and we went down and talked to her to see who she was and where she came from." If the "new girl" was not absolutely over 21 and freely engaged in the business, she was escorted to Janssen personally—not to court or jail—whereupon he would arrange for her to be sent home, or to friends or relatives. She was encouraged by the chief to take a fresh lease on her young life.

Janssen was convinced, too, that the closing of River Street had merely driven prostitution underground and scattered it, if not actually enlarged its operations. He told this, in effect, to one of the Lanley crusaders and was strangely backed up by one Sam Miller—"strangely," because Miller besides being a prominent actor-producer of the times, was also the husband of the illustrious Kitty Williams. Said Miller: "The district isn't gone. It's all over the city, now, and everyone knows it." One could assume that Kitty Williams' men knew whereof he spoke.

Perhaps the greatest motivation behind Chief Janssen's fight for River Street was the man character of the man himself, as revealed throughout his 33 years in office. It took a man of fighting aggressiveness, as one newspaper portrayed him, to gain the office of chief in an age when "a good cop" was thought to be "one who could whip a man half again his size in a fair fight." It took a man of bull-dog tenacity to hold the office for that astounding number of years in an era when political fires lasted only eight-ly longer than bribe-bait at a beer party. Janssen believed, as another editorial once noted, that "as long as the responsibility was his then the authority would be also." It was this belief that bore him on to recognition in his own life as the "Dean of our nation's police chiefs," to the position of president of the National Association of Chiefs of Police, and eventual recognition as a leader in the evolution of police forces.

—turn to page 39



ALTHEA CURRIER is single, 34 years old and hails from Maine. A baritone sax and actress, Althea checks out at 35-34-35 in the vital area. She invites you to write to her about your problems. Althea will answer the type of questions readers of *WASH* might ask, no matter how intimate. Or if you're just curious about something and think she might have the answer, write and address your letters to:

"ASK ALTHEA", KNIGHT PUBLISHING CORP., P.O. BOX 69922
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90069

Dear Althea:

I am terribly handicapped when making love to a girl because I am extremely ticklish. A light touch or caress will send me into fits of laughter. I am susceptible on just about every part of my body. As you can imagine, this throws quite a wet-blanket on my little fires. I would truly appreciate your advice.

Guy Folger
Miramar, Calif.

Dear Guy:

Surprisingly, yours is a very common problem—there are many men whose bodies become extremely sensitive when they are subjected to the stimulation of sexual foreplay. Short of wearing gloves, the only cure for this is sheer will-power—you must "thrust" the ticklishness away before making love.

* * *

Dear Althea:

I would like to know your opinion as to whether or not a man can love his wife and still wish to have extramarital relationships? You see, my wife is cute, but I sometimes find myself looking at other women with desire. Do you think I'm wrong for wanting other women?

Mike C. Daley
Enterprise, Ala.

Dear Mike:

The tone of your letter indicates that you equate love (something almost purely emotional) to sex (an almost entirely physical reaction). While it is true that the two of them often go hand in hand, this is not always the case. A man can love a woman, and still not have any particular physical desire for her. Likewise, the same man can physically desire a woman he considers beautiful without wanting to become emotionally involved. The answer to your question is, "Yes, a man can love his wife and still wish to have extramarital affairs."

* * *

Dear Althea:

I am one of the many Marines fighting in Viet Nam that read your columns. The reason that I am writing is not that I have a problem involving my low-life (there just isn't any), but rather a lack of mail. Letters from home are the most important thing to a man that is fighting in a foreign country—and I'm not getting any. Do you know of any women that wish to correspond with a 21-year-old Marine?

PFC Ron Dodek
A Co. 3rd Tank Bn
Third Marine Division
c/o PPO San Francisco,
Calif. (96002)

Dear Ron:

I have published your full address in the hopes that some "young woman" will take the bait. In the meantime, keep up the good work. We're with you.

* * *

Dear Althea:

I happen to be one of those women who are flat-chested—but I've always wanted a good bare. I read your article telling a woman to try plastic surgery, and I wonder if you think it could help me. Since I live near New York could you give me the name and address of a doctor in this area who does this sort of surgery?

Ilean Feltz
Ft. Lee, Va.

Dear Ilean:

It is possible that you are slightly misinformed, in that you seem to think that plastic breast-surgery is a "twenty-minute operation that provides a quick-cure for small breasts." This is decidedly not the case. Surgery of this type is extremely delicate, and if it isn't handled by a competent surgeon it can lead to nasty future problems. My advice to you is to contact your family doctor, tell him of your problem, and get his opinion. He will also undoubtedly have the names of several surgeons who specialize in this field.

* * *

Modern-minded lovely
offers Adam readers
advice on their
most intimate problems

**"ASK
ALTHEA"**

**VICKY'S
BACK**





England's favorite blonde returns to ADAM!

IT WAS ALMOST three years ago that Vicky Kennedy made her American magazine debut on the cover of ADAM and now she is back, gracing our pages for the third time.

Soon after our readers flipped over her Vicky signed to play one of James Bond's girlfriends in *Goldfinger*. Since then she has appeared in several films, both English and American. One of the world's most famous photographers describes Vicky's body as "that of a Venus." And, just in case you've forgotten, she is 5' 7" tall and curves to an extremely delightful 38-24-37. Again we offer our sincere thanks to Vicky for taking time out from her busy schedule to pose for our camera. Welcome back, doll!





ADAM's Eve

Vicky Kennedy



the party would be anything like it is. We would like to get out now, so please let us."

"It is unfortunate," said the porter. "I can do nothing for you."

"Well, if it's a rule that you can't get out once you're inside, why didn't someone tell us before we came in?" demanded Asclepius.

The porter smiled sadly, much as the first porter had. "Gentlemen, what do you expect? You are grown men, set adults. Grown men must be prepared to take the consequences for their actions. You have acted, now you must take the consequences. It is entirely logical. If it were any other way, there would be no justice."

It was obvious that this fellow would be no more help to us than the first, so again we took leave and began to pawd about in search of an exit. The air had grown cold now, and our clothing—still wet from our fall into the fishpond—stuck to our skin.

We tramped through the thick vines of a garden, searching frantically for holes in the hope that we could find a way out, but discovered after a time, much to our dismay, that we really had been walking in circles, and now were back where we had begun.

Gito had begun to cry, and reasoned that there was no hope for us—that we were doomed to walk about like that for the rest of our lives, freezing and weary, never able to escape.

"Have courage," Asclepius told him. "We are strong men and good ones. If anyone can find a way, we can."

This failed to comfort Gito, but he stopped crying, apparently realizing that crying was doing us no good.

We continued to tramp through the garden. Fortune, however, did not see fit to favor us, and—several hours later—we had not advanced our cause an inch.

Weary, we sat under a tree and stared at the sky, which was now growing brighter with the light of the early-morning sun. I felt my eyes growing heavy. Soon, they closed.

The next sound I heard was that of a group of musicians, playing flutes and stringed instruments, the melodies of which were different, and there was no rhythm.

I opened my eyes and found that Gito and Asclepius were awake beside me. The sun had lighted the garden, and the path to Trimalchio's house was covered with bright, glittering stones that had not been there the night before. In the center of the path stood another porter, who beckoned us to follow him.

"Will you show us the way out?" Asclepius asked him warily.

"I will show you the way in, gentlemen. The party is still going on and Trimalchio misses your company."

I looked to Asclepius and shrugged.

"We may as well follow him," I said. "As long as we can't get out, we might just as well enjoy ourselves."

Asclepius agreed and we started after the porter. Gito, however, demanded that we halt.

"If we go in now," he said, "there'll never be any hope for us."

"There's no hope anyway," replied Asclepius.

"Maybe not," said Gito, "but at least we should continue to try for an escape. I, myself, would rather take my chances out here than forfeit them all by going inside."

Asclepius and I deliberated the matter for a moment.

"Come, gentlemen," called the porter impudently. "Trimalchio is not accustomed to waiting. If you tarry much longer, he may not even let you inside. Then where would you be?"

"The man has a point," admitted Asclepius.

"No," protested Gito. "If he refuses to let us in, then we will be out—which is what we wanted anyway. I say that we should stay."

Asclepius and I had a brief conference, in which we de-

cided to follow the porter.

"Come, Gito," I said. "We know what's best."

The boy refused.

"I know I have pledged to follow you, Erucopius," he told me, "but in this instance, I cannot. If you go, you shall go without me."

"Come on, now, child," said Asclepius. "You're acting very foolishly."

"No," said Gito. And, with that, he picked up a handful of stones and began throwing them at the porter, who ran up the path and disappeared into the house.

"Now, look what you've done," Asclepius scolded him. "Now we can't get out and we can't get in. We're snugly nowhere."

"I'm sorry," replied Gito, "but I prefer it this way."

Angrily, Asclepius and I walked away from him and started up the path to the door. Twice we looked back to see if he was following us, but he was not.

On the porch we knocked for admittance, but there was no answer. Inside we could hear the sounds of the musicians and the guests, evidently, the party was still in full swing.

Asclepius found a window, which we opened and climbed in. The foyer was empty, as was the dining room beyond it, but, following the sounds of the party, we made our way to the baths, where we located the entire assemblage.

The guests were all stark naked, and most were coupled off in various combinations, taking their pleasures of each other. Some were drinking wine from large flasks and singing badly some songs of Minuscules. Others were running around the garden with their arms spread in the fashion of bird's wings.

A group of men had their hands bound behind them and were attempting to pick up papers from the pavement with their teeth. Others knelt with one knee on the ground and leaned backwards attempting to kiss their big toes.

While they thus entertained one another, we went into the hot-bath which had been heated for Trimalchio, here we encountered Fortunatus, who brought us into another room, where fresh entertainment had been set up.

The tables here were covered with silver and earthenware of a double gilt, and there was in the center of the room a fountain that ran with wine.

"This day, my friends," Trimalchio told us as he entered the room, "in servant of mine opened a barber shop. He's a thiefy fellow and one of my favorites, so I've erected the fountain in his honor. Let the boys have a drink as well as ourselves, meanwhile, we'll sit until dusk and watch it."

While he was still speaking, a cock crowed, at which sound Trimalchio became alarmed and commanded that the wine be thrown under the table and that all the lamps be sprinkled with it.

"It is not for nothing that this trumpeter has given us notice," he said, his face registering alarm. "The sound is a symbol. Either one of the neighbors will kill himself or my house will be on fire."

While we were still wondering at this strange utterance, a troop of servants rushed in. Trimalchio told them to warn the neighbors and to inspect all the buildings on the estate so that the fire could be put out as soon as it was discovered.

Then, turning to us, he said:

"Hurry into the baths, all of you, lest the flames burn your flesh."

We followed him into the baths and leaped in with the other guests, all of whom were huddling together fearfully.

Meanwhile, Selcous and some of the others began to vomit, and the stretch of their repugnance provoked others into doing likewise. Before long, everyone was vomiting on everyone else, and the entire bath well filled with the rejected contents of a hundred stomachs.

Sickened, Asclepius and I decided to take our chances on the outside again, and took flight back into the garden.

where we had left Gito.

The boy wasn't there, but he had left a piece of his coat on the ground, and by it, another, and a little farther on, a third. We followed these pieces of cloth until we came to a large, stone wall, on top of which was one of his sandals.

Climbing the wall, we looked out and saw a field, which was full of snakes and lizards. Across the field was Gito, who called to us to join him.

"The snakes will kill us," protested Ancylos.

"You must take the chance, my friend," said Gito. "I got through them unscathed, and maybe you can, too. If not, there's no hope for you."

Ancylos and I decided that we would try, whereupon we leaped off the wall and ran through the field as quickly as we could. The slithering bodies of the snakes coiled around our legs and pricked us with their fangs, but we kept on running, and, finally, after we had succeeded in plowing our way through them, we foisted ourselves panted but in safety. The snakes were behind us, and we were on the bank of a small creek.

"We must get away from here as quickly as we can," said Gito. "Follow me."



He led the way into the stream, and we waded down it until the water was as deep as our necks. Then, we swam to the shore and rested.

"At last," said Ancylos, "we are away from that cursed place—thanks to our young friend here."

Whereupon we each kissed Gito tenderly, and thanked him for getting us out of there.

"Let us sleep now," said he. "Then, when we are refreshed, we'll go on our way. Perhaps we'll all have learned something from this horror we just escaped."

WHEN WE AWOKE IT WAS daylight, and, judging from the bright afternoon sun, we had slept not only through the entire night but also through the following morning. The pangs of hunger twitched at our stomachs, while our heads throbbled with the unpleasant memory of too much wine. Miserably, we rinsed our faces in the creek, then started down the path alongside the stream—hoping we would eventually come to Minturno, where we could regain possession of the loot we had washed away.

For hours we waded along the path, our feet becoming bloody from the pricks of sharp pebbles and broken hills of

gravel, without finding so much as a hint of civilization. At length, we decided to reverse our field and proceed in the opposite direction, whereupon we retraced our painful steps, by the time we got to that point from which we had originally struck out, it was completely dark again.

Not a single star appeared to direct us in our way, nor did the black night give us the hope of meeting a stranger who might counsel us, the elements, along with our ignorance of our location, seemed to have entered a conspiracy aimed at misdirecting us.

Nonetheless, we proceeded upstream, and, finally, after many hours, Gito's diligence delivered us. Recognizing a tree he had marked while we were in flight after the incident with the coat, he oriented himself to the terrain and proceeded in a westerly direction. Before long, he had found the main road, not long after—around midnight—we were in Minturno again.

We found an inn, but this did not solve our problems, for the hostess was so drunk that she had completely taken leave of her senses and could not understand a word we spoke, accordingly, she refused to let us in, and only laughed loudly at our miserable entreaties. We might have been forced to sleep in the street had not a friendly letter-carrier passed by and helped us break down the door.

After we entered the bedchamber, we feasted plentifully, then bedded down for the night. I, pressed by impatient nature, quickly took my Gito aside and, wrapped in the folds of his skin, pleasantly spent the night.

Who can describe the bliss I felt locked together with him in love's embrace? How soft were our warm embraces, as we hugged each other, and clung together, and as our soul-like strains—mixed together through each other's lips! Our bodies intertwined, we shut out the world and all its pagantry and died the delicious death of love.

My pleasures, however, were short-lived, before long, the blissful truce was disturbed by the intrusion of a third party, namely Ancylos, who pulled Gito from me while I was asleep and brought him to his own bed.

The bright light of the moon highlighted the features of their muscular bodies as they locked together and began to dance the waltzing dance of love. I felt my blood grow hot within my veins as my eyes perceived their unchaste union, and, furiously, I leaped upon them, physically tearing them apart.

Gito's aroused member was quivering excitedly as I pulled it from Ancylos, peering him against me, as that the stiff instrument of his love-making rested against my bare stomach. I petted his shoulders and arms consolingly. Then, looking as stately as I could at Ancylos, I told him:

"Since you've played the villain by your treachery, I can have no respect for you anymore. I did not mind, when, days before, you shared my boy with me, because at the time you had his consent and mine. Tonight, however, you stole him from me, and in so doing broke the common laws of friendship. Therefore, get together all your belongings as quickly as possible and leave. Find another comrade to share."

Ancylos protested, whereupon we went to the cache where we had hidden our loot and made an exact division of what there was.

That having been done, Ancylos turned to me and said: "Now, let's share the boy, too."

I believed that to be a jest at parties, but Ancylos' stern countenance showed no trace of humor. His lips curled in a murderous expression as he drew his sword.

"Gito is worth more to me than all the booty," he declared. "I must have my share of him, or I'll take it with this sword."

Saying this, he leaped out at us with the blade, had I not been extremely agile and succeeded in ducking under him. I would have lost my head.

SATYRICON, from page 37

Quickly unsheathing my own sword, I moved to engage him. But here, Gito, rushed between us and began kissing both our knees, and, crying unashamedly, begged that we not expose ourselves in such a pitiful manner now with our blood pollute the rites of so dear a friendship.

"If there must be murder," he cried, "behold my naked bosom and direct your fury at it. If any of us deserves death, it is I, for having violated the sacred laws of friendship."

Moved by his plea, both Ascylos and I sheathed our swords.

"I'll end the difference," Ascylos told me. "Let us both agree that the choice shall be up to Gito, let him pick whomever man he likes, and let him follow that man as a friend, and let us agree that the man not picked will abide by the decision, and promise unquestioned liberty both to Gito and to whomever he picks."

Now this seemed eminently reasonable to me; furthermore, I had perceived that my long acquaintance with Gito had made a strong impression on his nature, and I hadn't the slightest doubt that he would pick me.

Completely confident, I accepted the terms of Ascylos' offer with an eager haste.

"Let Gito be the judge," I declared. "I'll abide by whatever he says."

Immediately—without even seeming to consider the matter—the boy jumped up and threw his arms around Ascylos, hugging him tightly and professing his love for him. I was thunderstruck.

Unsheathing my sword, I held it before me and threw myself at it. Gito, however, looked the sword away from me and I landed on the floor unsheathed.

"Don't do anything rash, Eccephus," my boy told me. "Someday soon you'll understand my reasons for doing as I have done."

So speaking, he took Ascylos' hand in his own, and together they walked out of the room, Ascylos wearing the expression of the pious conqueror.

I watched the door close behind them and sat there contemplating my sorry fate. I, who not long before had seemed to be the king of my own world, the monarch of all in view.

I thought about Gito's parting words—"Someday soon you'll understand my reasons for doing as I have done"—but I failed to see any significance in them.

I thought about Ascylos' treachery, and wondered if perhaps his sole motivation in undertaking the journey was to steal Gito away from me.

I thought about these things and others, but the more I thought, the more confused I became.

Is the world but a game? I wondered. Are friends merely those who flock about you when there is profit to be had?

Is all life nothing more than a practical joke played by Fortune—today she smiles at you and all goes well, tomorrow she frowns and everything which is important to you is taken away?

On the floor beside me was my sword, where it lay after Gito had looked it out of my hand. I picked it up, held it before me and stood poised atop it.

But, I could not bring myself to fall on it.

Has my soul been so bankrupted, I wondered, that even courage is gone? I lost all that was worth anything to me, and now had only life—miserable life, and yet I did not have the courage to lose it away.

Fansied with myself, I threw the sword across the room. Then I sat on the edge of the bed and looked at my feet.

I was tired, and sick, and my troubles felt as if they were being torn apart. I had not even been able to discharge myself as a man. I was a total failure.

Sick and afraid, I cried.

And there was no one to comfort me—for I was com-

pletely and horribly alone.

I DID NOT REMAIN long at the inn where the treacherous Ascylos and the feeble Gito had left me. As long as I lacked the courage to take my own life, I saw no point in exposing myself to others who might want to take it—and there were many, I felt, who might.

I feared first the men of Treachibus. As one who had escaped his previously unescapable fate, I stood to be an object of his revenge. It wouldn't surprise me if, at that very minute, some of his men were out looking for me.

Secondly, I feared one Miralim, an usher at a school, whom I knew to be angry at me as a result of an altercation some years before. He lived in Myrtos, and if he learned that I was nearby, I don't doubt that he would come looking for me also.

Finally, I feared robbers. The loot I had, after dreading the possession with Ascylos, was considerable. I, myself, would not hesitate to make an attempt at robbing one with so much in his possession, all the more reason that some persons, more voracious than I, might attempt to rob me.



Accordingly, I packed the booty in a valise and took flight. I didn't stop until I was at the sea, where I obtained lodging at a private home on the waterfront.

There, sealed away from everyone who might wish to harm me, I spent three days reflecting on my despoiled and object condition.

The more I thought of the hurts I had incurred, the sicker I got. My body trembled as I contemplated my pitiful self, and I heest my breast, sick as it was, when my days' sighs drifted long enough for me to speak, I cried out.

"Why have I been dealt with like this?"

"I admit that I am an evil man. I admit that I have violated the laws of nature."

"Did I not commit murder? I did. Did I not violate Lucius' wife and her justice? I did. Have I not been so base as to corrupt even the most innocent? I have."

"Then, why didn't the earth break open and swallow me? Why didn't the sea overwhelm me?"

"If I have wronged nature, why has it not been nature that has taken vengeance upon me."

"But, as Nature has done nothing to me. Instead, I have been condemned to live out my life in a strange place, so-

die alone, and to have my name recorded only among beggars and vagabonds.

"And, who condemned me to this solitude?"

"A boy!"

"A mere boy—one who is a prostitute in all manner of lust, one who, by his own confession, deserves to die, one whom vice has ensnared from a slave, who was publicly contracted with as a girl by one whom he knew was of his same sex, one who put on petty-coats and was condemned to a maid's office in a prison, who, after spending what he had, changed the scene of his lust and, having contracted an old friendship, barely left it and—friction impeded! Like a hot wire for a single night's pleasure—sold his friend."

"Now the lovers lie entire nights locked in each other's arms. Who knows, in the intervals when they have any strength left after the ardors of their lovemaking, that they don't laugh at me?"

The more I thought of this, the more my feelings of self-pity gave way to feelings of anger and a desire for revenge.

"They won't go off unpunished," I promised myself. "If I'm a man—or, at least a free-born male—I'll avenge their injury to me by spilling their blood."

Having resolved this, I put on my sword and prepared to depart. So I wouldn't be too weak to perform the task I had set for myself, I encouraged my strength with a lusty meal. Then, unfurled by my anger, I strode out of the house and returned to the city.

I marched everywhere for them. My face bearing the expression of a wild man, I thought of nothing but blood and slaughter.

Presently, I was accosted by a soldier, who asked me to which regiment I belonged.

I invented the name of a unit and had him convinced, but then he noticed my sundrie—hardly military in fashion.

"Do the soldiers of your unit wear such shoes?" he asked me.

Fearing that my lie would be discovered, I began to tremble and my face looked guilty. Undeceived, he demanded that I lay down my weapons and depart.

Helpless, I complied with his instructions and took leave. Thus robbed of my revenge, I returned to my lodging, where, by degrees, my fears gave way and I began in my mind to thank the soldier for saving me from what might have been my destruction.

Finding it difficult to wean myself from love of revenge, I spent half the night very pensively. Rising at daybreak, I went out looking for some diversion, by which I might take my mind off my grief and the thoughts of the injuries done me.

I roved about everywhere until, at last, I discovered a public gallery filled with some excellent paintings. I browsed among them for a long time, observing likenesses of Jupiter and Zeus, Apollo and Hyacinth.

The gods, I named, are untouchable by problems of love. Jupiter, finding that no one can please his appetite, runs upon the earth itself. Apollo turns Hyacinth into a flower, every image exerts its widest without a real flut, I—foolish mortal—have cursed, as my dearest friend, the greatest villain.

Now, while I was talking to myself thusly, there entered the gallery an old man, whose face was as pale as old age had made his hair. Yet, he seemed—I know not how—to bring with him an air of great soul, like a man who has suffered much and that was forced to understand himself and the nature of things. A look at his softened features confirmed my observation. Fortune had indeed dealt unfavourably with him, so he had to be learned, fortune rarely, if ever, deals favourably with learned men. I learned later that my appraisal was correct, also that he was named Eumolpus.

In time, he made his way up to me, and told me that

he was a poet—one, he hoped, who was above the common herd.

"Why, therefore, are you so poorly dressed?" I asked him.

"Because, my friend," he said, "learning never made any man rich, but only taught him to despise riches. The merchant profits in coins, and the soldier in fame, the whore profits in both. But the learned man, as a lover of virtue, on account of his singularity, meets with contempt—for who can approve of someone who differs from himself? Since the learned man differs for everyone else, they all hate him, and he profits nothing save—only occasionally, mind you—the company of other learned men."

"You seem to suggest that learning and poverty are relatives," I said to him.

"Yes, they are!" he answered me. "That's the whole point. The rich are not scholarly, and therefore they hate the scholars—ridiculing them when they can, abusing them when the opportunity presents itself. Accordingly, we suffer greatly. It is one of the greatest injustices in a basically unjust world."

The thought of injustice reminded me of Asclepius and Gelo, and what they had done to me. Picturing the knaves in my mind, I sighed mightily.

"You just lament the condition of scholars," he said.

"You mistake me," I replied. "That's not the occasion of my sigh. There's another and much greater cause."

Then, as all men are naturally inclined to commiserate their grief, I had open my case to him, beginning with Asclepius' treachery, which I had aggravated by taking my pleasures with Gelo in his presence, and continuing to that final moment when they walked out of the room at the un together.

The old man, seeing that I was sincere, began to comfort me, holding my face against his chest and stroking my shoulder with his hand.

"I know exactly how you feel, my friend," he said. "I had a similar experience quite some time ago. In fact, if you like, I'll tell you about it, so that you may draw comfort from the knowledge that you have company in your misery."

"First, however, it is best for you that you get your mind off the matter completely. I can think of no better way than by having a little party with an hospitable woman or two, who knows, if we succeed in finding a couple good ones, maybe you'll forget that boys ever existed—at least, you'll forget for awhile, by which time you won't hurt so much."

"A splendid suggestion, my friend, and I appreciate your kind regard for my grief," I replied. "But, I'm a stranger here and don't know any women at all—hospitable or otherwise."

He smiled wisely.

"That, my friend, is why we have whores. There are certain men who consider themselves above transactions of this nature, reasoning that to pay a price for what can be had for free constitutes an acknowledgment of one's inability to get what he wants by his own merits. Well, none of that nonsense for me—I pay the pleasure's all in the doing of the deed, not the sum. When I want to do it, I go out and pay for it, I satisfied my ego many years ago, now all I want to satisfy is my cock."

I agreed with the logic of his proposition and said that I felt he had stated his case extremely eloquently. I was about to offer to pay for both of us—since I saw he was prudent and I had a substantial amount of money at my lodgings—but he spoke before I could make the gesture.

"Besides, money isn't really a problem if you know a few tricks," he said, "and I happen to know one that worked quite well for me in other cities. Together, we may be able to put it into effect."

—has to page 48

FAMILY, from page 8

came there was never anything wrong with the rest of us. Certainly not with me.

Anyway, Gramma Serena started to fuss about Cousin Turl because at five years old the only two words he could say were "fat" and "kill." And then, so Pomp told me, Cousin Turl used to do peculiar things to the newborn kittens we always seemed to have around the place, and Pomp never knew where he was going to find his razor when he wanted to shave.

About then, from what I understand, is when Cousin Turl's father is supposed to have died. "My glawd, what kind of family have I married into!" And he took himself off to South America. That was when Gramma Serena put Cousin Turl in the cellar.

Well, say what you like. I thought the world of Cousin Turl because he was always good to me. Why, after he once realized that I didn't intend to steal his mice or spiders or cockroaches, he would even let me sit there with him and watch the change he did to them. And say, was he funny to me after he was through slobbering up his dinner?

He would gawk at his empty bowl and cup as if he couldn't understand where all his food had gone, and then he would say, "Dumsh!" And suddenly he would slam the tray and everything on the floor and get up and start jumping up and down on them, and those two words of his would come spraying from his lips all covered with spittle and bits of food—

"Dumsh—h-hit! K-kill!"

And wouldn't I laugh though!

But Cousin Turl was more than just a playmate for me. He was also a very good friend. You take for instance the time when I was fifteen and that big bully boy Toif Tyler, who was always calling me "Cuckoo" for no reason, pushed me into a dirty old mudhole in the schoolyard.

Well, there I was in that puddle and everybody laughing at me, and when I started to curse Toif he threw a handful of slimy mud right in my face. So I got up and tried to hit him with a rock, I was so mad, and he hit me when I could hardly see for the mud in my eyes and knocked me into the puddle again.

That was the one time I almost slipped and let out the family secret in my anger—

"If I fix you, Toif Tyler! I'll get my cousin after you!"

"How! Ain't I just a-trembling in my boots I'm so scared? What cousin? Where's he got to come from? Some rathouse on Richmond?"

"You'll see!" I cried. I was beside

myself with outrage. "You just bet you'll see!"

I went home seeing red. But I knew what I was going to do. No-body could treat a Tope that way. We Topes have our pride. I spon-sioned sewing an old length of chain in our attic once when I was up there catching some spiders for Cousin Turl. I got that chain and hid it in a laurel bush out back, and that night I told Pomp I'd take Cousin Turl his dinner again.

Cousin Turl was sitting on his cot in the dock, going "Hu ha," and pulling the legs from a fat green spider. But I didn't care about that.

"Here, Cousin Turl. Hurry up and eat your dinner. I'm going to take you for a walk tonight."

Cousin Turl was agreeable. He scooped up his food and consumed it in his mouth—what part of it he didn't get all over himself—and then looked at his empty bowl and cup,

spitters! By!

God love him, he always was good at picking up something new.

I HAD A BIT of trouble getting by through the woods and down the back alleys of town because the playful little fellows was having the time of his life pounding in garbage cans and the fender and head and windows of parked cars with that chain. But finally I reached the far end of Mrs. Polk's back fence, and I pecked around the corner at Vardam's livery stable across the road.

I knew that Toif and his gang hung out behind the stable every night shooting craps, and I saw that he and three other young town hoodlums were riding around in the moonlight these smoking and dicing and telling and other dirty stories.

I posted at them and whispered "Hit, Cousin Turl."

"Dumsh!" Cousin Turl said, and he



and said, "Dumsh?"

I didn't give him a chance to stamp his tray and things that night, because I had something better in mind for him. I took the tray away and tugged him by the hand.

"C'mon, Cousin Turl. C'mon. We'll go byby. See? Go byby with Jeb."

Cousin Turl's mouth dropped open and started to drool, and he said, "Dumsh?" But he shuffled out of the room with me as peaceful as a lamb. Gramma Serena, Mamma Jo and Pomp didn't see or hear us to because they were in another part of the big mansion.

I drew the length of chain out of the laurel bush and said, "Watch now, Cousin Turl." I swung it around and around my head and darned the free end against an oak trunk.

"Dumsh!" Cousin Turl cried ecstatically, and he snatched the chain away from me and started belaboring the life out of the tree. "H-hit! K-kill!" And say—didn't the chips and

shuffled into the road, the chain dragging from his huge fist and dragging in the dirt.

Toif and his gang looked up and saw him hulking toward them, and I swung me it gave them a start. None of them had ever seen him before—see any thing like him. Six and a half feet tall and nearly three feet wide, he lumbered toward them like a shambler bear.

"Dumsh—h-hit! K-kill!" Cousin Turl said.

Well, it was the grandest spectacle ever! What I mean to say—that swinging chain swung right over my place. And the best part was that nobody could lay the blame for what happened on me. Because those who were fortunate enough to survive never saw me. All they could tell the sheriff—when he visited them in the hospital—was that some great slobbering monster leapt out of nowhere and attacked them.

BUT HOW COULD I possibly explain Cousin Turl to a woman like my wife? No, she wouldn't even make an attempt to understand. She would simply use the information as the final reason for getting on her high horse and walking out on me.

Not that I didn't want to see her go. That would have been a blessing. But there was the crushing scandal that I was concerned about. We Topes were a very old and proud family. To have our name blackened by divorce was out of the question.

But unfortunately, my wife, with typical Yankee female self-regard, had no qualms about scandal just so long as she could make her god justify her feminine means.

There was this Peter McCarthy, a well-to-do land speculator from New York, who had been hanging around the town for some three weeks, trying in his most determined manner to get me to sell my ancestral acreage—which, even though I desperately needed the money, I did not want to do because our land dates back to Lord Fairfax's time in the 1750's. My wife thought otherwise.

"You will sell it to McCarthy! I'm sick and tired of living in this rat-warren relic of the Civil War. I want money and security!"

"Now, dear," I said placatingly, "please don't talk about the Civil War. You know how it pains me."

"Yes," she nearly screamed at me. "Oh, yes, I know how it pains you. So much so that every Tope since the war has not here in this decaying museum on the empty glories of what his great-grandfather did a hundred years ago at Bull Run. Well, I happen to know that you can't find someone in the pages of an old history book I want money and all it can buy, and I mean to get it with or without you. And if you won't come to terms with Peter—"

It was her unexpected use of McCarthy's first name that suddenly brought me to my senses, and I began to realize that I had underestimated my wife's hunger for money. It was right after that when I started to conduct a series of secret observations, telling my wife that I had to go to Richmond on some minor legal matters and would not be back until the following day.

I worked this ruse three times, but I never did go to Richmond. I stayed out in the north woods until midnight, and then I would sneak back into the house by way of the unused east wing. My observations on all three of these occasions were most appalling. Disgraceful conduct. And right under Aunt Melanie's portrait too!

Gracious Serena and Marjory to bad been dead and gone for a number of years, and only poor old Pomp re-

mained to help me about the place. But Pomp's sight had dimmed with cataracts, and it was before his momentary opaque eyes that my faithless wife and Peter McCarthy were conducting an illicit affair.

I was shocked, outraged. And, if you must know the truth, frightened. I could see the inevitable handwriting on the wall. My wife, in her amorous frenzy, would run off with Peter McCarthy when he decided to return to the North. Oh, yes, he would willingly take her with him, because my wife was still very young, very attractive, and very, very sensual. I was miserably shattered because the desecrated and divorced Mr. Tope—

The shame of it! I mean to say, consider the scandal and the undesired notoriety that was about to attach itself to the Tope name. It was not only unthinkable, it was up to me as the last of the Topes to prevent it.

"I have to make another trip to Richmond," I told my wife.

She was lounging on the day bed in her Chanel-seated room, resplendent in one of those tight-fitting gold spangled sheaths which I could not afford. She didn't even stop turning the pages of her fashion magazine when she said:

"Oh? Are they putting wreaths on Jefferson Davis' grave today?"

"I believe his birthday was in June," I said kindly. "At any rate, I shan't be back until late tomorrow."

"I shall be desolate until your return," my wife said, and turned another page.

"I'll tell Pomp to see what he can do about fixing your dinner," I said.

"Don't bother. I really haven't much appetite left for honey and gins, or whatever that yench is he thinks he cooks."

I left the house and drove off in my rattle station wagon. But not far. Only to the north wood. Then, when it was dark, I slipped through the weedy old formal gardens and into a witch hobble that was growing along the dead magpies drive. I waited, sniffing to myself.

A car came down the road about one o'clock. It turned into the drive and pulled into a setback among the rotting trees. Peter McCarthy got out, looked around, and started walking up to the house. I let him go. I came out of the thicket only after my wife had let him in by the side door. Then I slipped around to the east wing and let myself in.

Poor innocent old Pomp was dozing in his chair in the kitchen. I didn't disturb him. I slipped up the narrow stairs to the attic and got the length of chain. Then I got the key from Pomp's coat pocket and stole down into the cellar and unlocked Cousin Turl's door.

Well, was he glad to see his old chains again? And no wonder. He hadn't seen it once in the past twenty-five years. Bless his old heart, he started to pound his cot apart with it as soon as he got it in his hands. But I hastily put a stop to that. I didn't want to frighten my wife and Mr. McCarthy with any untoward noises.

"Now, now, Cousin Turl, mustn't make noise. You come with Job. Job will show you something to snuff. C'mon. That's a good boy."

I led him across the cellar, him making little playful games at the old barrels and boxes with his chain, and up the stairs and along the webby corridor, continuing him again and again—

"Quiet—quiet, Cousin Turl. Mustn't wake poor old Pomp. You like old Pomp, don't you, Cousin Turl?"

"Dunno."

"Of course you do. And now we go up these back stairs—but ever so quietly! You remember these stairs, don't you? Remember when you tied the rope across them when you were four, and your daddy tipped and nearly broke his back falling off the way down the stairs?"

"Hu ha!" Cousin Turl laughed.

"Now any—anybody. Job will open the door—so. And we'll go tippytoe down the hall."

I threw him along the darkened corridor to my wife's room. The door was closed and no light showed through the bottom crack. But it didn't matter. Cousin Turl had eyes like a cat. I eased open the door and shoved at his massive back.

"Hi!" I whispered.

Cousin Turl shuffled into the dark bedroom, swishing at the air with his chain. Very quietly I closed the door and locked it from the outside with the key I had pocketed earlier. And for a moment, I put my ear to the panel and listened.

"Doooh—h—h! K—k—k!"

Snoring. I went away and left the dear old and to enjoy himself.

WELL, THERE YOU ARE. And nothing more. But for me to go down to the kitchen and have a short talk with Pomp. He was born on our land and he is as much a part of the family as I am. The loyal old man would rather die than bring discredit to the Topes. He will say what I tell him we have to say, and he will understand.

I really do hate to do this to Cousin Turl. I mean, to have to turn him in to the law as if he were just any homicidal stranger who had wandered in off the road. But what can I do? I have to consider the Tope name, don't I? Anyway, maybe they'll have spiders and mice in that place where Cousin Turl is going. At least some cockroaches he can play with.





An improbable allegory of human history
compressed for a very small time capsule

A SHORT SHORT STORY OF MANKIND

by John Steinbeck

IT WAS PRETTY DRAFTY in the cave in the middle of the afternoon. There wasn't any fire—the last spark had gone out six months ago and the family wouldn't have any more fire until lightning struck another tree.

Joe came into the cave all scratched up and some hunks of hair torn out and he flopped down on the wet ground and hled—Old William was arguing away with Old Bert who was his brother and also his son, if you look at it one way.

They were quarreling mildly over a spoiled chunk of mammoth meat.

Old William said, "Why don't you give some to your mother?"

"Why?" asked Old Bert. "She's my wife, isn't she?"

—turn the page

Select over 300 fantastic photographs and illustrations from the most remarkable ever produced. Add to this over 300,000 words of amazing text—violet, purple, powerful stones selected from a rare collection especially to please you. Carefully illustrated them in magnificent colors with breathtaking color and sharp, crisp detail. Bind them into a huge 320 page library volume for collectors. The result is Knight Harvest, a rare, scarce, private edition, the best of Knight, so exciting it defies description. This volume must be seen to be appreciated. That's why we offer it to you now on a free, no risk, no obligation 10-day inspection. Send only \$5.00 (the full price of this remarkable volume) with your name and address and ask for Knight Harvest on a 10-day free inspection. After you receive it and have an opportunity to inspect every page, only then do you have to decide if you want to keep it. If not, just return it for a full and immediate refund. No questions asked. It's that easy. A wonderful way to inspect this valuable collection at absolutely no risk. However, the supply is limited so rush your \$5.00 with order to: KNIGHT HARVEST, Box 65804, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.



MANKIND, from page 43

And that freaked that, so they both took after Joe.

"Where's Al?" one of them asked and the other said, "You forgot to roll the rock in front of the door."

Joe didn't even look up and the two old men agreed that kids were going to the devil. "I tell you it was different in my day," Old William said. "They had some respect for their elders or they got what for."

After a while Joe stopped bleeding and he caked some mud on his cuts. "Al's gone," he said.

Old Bert asked brightly, "Saber tooth?"

"No, it's that new bunch that moved into the cove down the draw. They ate Al."

"Savages," said Old William. "Still live in trees. They aren't civilized. We don't hardly ever eat people."

Joe said, "We got hardly anybody to eat except relatives and we're getting low on relatives."

"Those foragers!" said Old Bert. "Al and I dug a pit" and Joe

"We caught a horse and those tree people came along and ate our horse. When we complained, they ate Al."

"Well, you go right out and get us one of them and we'll eat him," Old William said.

"Me and who the?" said Joe. "Last time it was warm there was 12 of us here. Now there's only four. Why, I saw my own sister Sally sitting up in a tree with a savage. Had my heart set on Sally, too, Pa." Joe went on a little reluctantly, because Old William was not only his father, but his uncle and his first and third cousins and his brothers-in-law. "Pa, why don't we join up with those tree people? They've got a net kind of thing—catch all sorts of animals. They eat better than we do."

"No," said Old William, "they're foragers, that's why. They live in trees. We can't associate with savages. How'd you like your sister to marry a savage?"

"She did!" said Joe. "We could have them come and live in our cave. Maybe they'd show us how to use that net thing."

"Never," said Old Bert. "We couldn't trust 'em. They might eat us in our sleep."

"If we didn't eat them first," said Joe. "I sure would like to have me a nice juicy piece of savage right now. I'm hungry."

"Next thing you know, you'll be saying those tree people are as good as us," Old William said. "I never saw such a boy. Why, where'd authority be? Those foragers would take over. We'd have to look up to 'em. They'd outnumber us."

"I hate to tell you this, Pa," Joe said. "I've got a busted arm. I can't dig pits any more—neither can you. You're too old. Bert can't either. We've got to merge up with another tree people or we aren't gonna eat anything or nobody."

"Over my dead body," said Old William, and then he saw Joe's eyes on his shaggy flank and he said, "Now, Joe, don't you go getting ideas about your pa."

Well, a long time ago before the tribe first moved out of the draw, there was a man named Elmer. He piled up some rocks in a cave and had brush on top and took refuge there. The elders lifted Elmer right off. If anybody could go off on his own by himself, why, where was authority be? But pretty soon, the elders moved into Elmer's house and then the other families made houses just like it. It was pretty nice with no water dripping in your face.

So, they made Elmer a god—used to swear by him. Said he was the moon.

Everything was going along fine when another tribe moved into the valley. They didn't have Elmer's houses, though. They stuck up skin tents. But you know, they had a bunch kind of a gadget that was little sticks. They shot them a long way. They could just stand still and shoot off a pig, oh... 50 yards away. Wouldn't have to run it down or maybe get a task in the grove.

The skin tribe shot so much stuff that naturally the Elmer elders were those savages had to be got rid of. They didn't even know about Elmer—that's how ignorant they were. The old people sharpened a lot of sticks and fired the points and they shot. "Now you young fellows go out and drive those skin people away. You can't fail because you've got Elmer on your side."

Now, it seems that a long time ago there was a skin man named Max. He thought up this stick shooter so he killed him, naturally, but afterwards they said he was the sun. So, it was a war between Elmer, the moon, and Max, the sun, but in the course of a whole slew of young skin men and a whole slew of young Elmer men killed. Then a forest fire broke out and drove the game away. Elmer people and skin people had to team up for the hills all together. The elders of both tribes never would associate. They complained until they died.

You can see from this that the world started going to pot right from the beginning. Things would be going about fine—law and order and that and the elders in charge—and then, some smart dick would come along and spoil the whole lot.

ness—like the man Ralph who forgot to kill all the wild chickens he caught and had to build a hen house, or like the real trouble-maker, Japo on front day eleven, who patted some weeds into damp ground and invested farming. Of course, they tore Japo's arms and legs off and niftily so because when people plant seeds, they can't go golf-walking around the country enjoying themselves. When you've got a crop in, you stay with it and get the weeds out of it and harvest it. Furthermore, everything and everybody wants to take your crop away from you — weeds — bugs — birds — mammals — men. A farmer spends all his time fighting something off. The elders can call on Elmer all they want, but that won't keep the neighbors from ever the hill out of your

around poking over the crop of wheat and girls and when they'd worked over their own valley, they'd go collecting over the hill to see what the neighbors had stored up or born. Then the strong boys from over the hill would come rickshacking back and what they couldn't carry off they burned until pretty soon it was more dangerous to be protected than not to be. Buggy took everything loose up to his feet to protect it and very little ever came back down. He figured his grandfather was Elmer now and that made him different from other people. How many people do you know that have the means in their family?

By now the elders had confused protection with virtue because Buggy passed out his surplus to the better people. The elders were pretty hard

There's always going to be a joker. This one was named Harry and he said, "Those ignorant pigs over the hill don't have any willows so they don't have any baskets, but you know what they do? — bearghted though they are, they take mud and put it out and put it in the fire and you can boil water in it. I'll bet if we took them some baskets they'd give us some of those baked mud pots." They had to hang Harry head down over a bonfire. Nobody can put a knife in the status quo and get away with it. But it won't long before the basket people get to working over the hill and coming back with pots. Buggy tried to stop it and the elders were right with him. It took people away from the fields, exposed them to dangerous ideas. Why, pots got to be like money and money is worse than an idea. Buggy himself said, "Makes folks restless — why, it makes a man think he's as good as the ones that got it a couple of generations earlier, and how's that for being un-Elmer? The elders agreed with Buggy, of course, but they couldn't stop it, so they all had to join in. Buggy took half the pots they brought back and pretty soon he took over the willow concession so he got the whole thing.

And then some savages moved up on the hill and got to trading the basket and pot trade. The only thing to do was for Buggy, the basket, to marry the daughter of Willy, the pot, and when they all died off, Herman Pot-Basket pulled the whole business together and made a little state and that worked out fine.

Well, it went on from state to league and from league to nation. (A nation usually had some kind of natural boundary like an ocean or a mountain range or a river to keep it from spilling over). It worked out fine until a bunch of jokers invented long distance stuff like directed missiles and atom bombs. Then a river or an ocean didn't do a bit of good. It got too dangerous to have separate nations just as it had been to have separate families.

When people are finally faced with extinction, they have to do something about it. Now we've got the United Nations and the elders are right as there fighting it the way they fought coming out of caves. But we don't have much choice about it. It isn't any goodness of heart and we may not want to go ahead but right from the cave time we've had to choose and so far we've never chosen extinction. It'd be kind of silly if we killed ourselves off after all this time. If we do, we're stupider than the cave people and I don't think we are. I think we're just exactly as stupid and that's pretty bright in the long run.



corn crib.

Well, there was a strong boy named Rodolph, but called Buggy Buggy would bend his back wrestling but he wouldn't hang in an ambush of wood. Buggy just naturally liked to fight and he hated to work, so he said, "You men just plant your crops and don't worry. I'll take care of you. If anybody bothers you, I'll clothe 'em. You can give me a few chickens and a couple of handfuls of grits for my trouble."

The elders blessed Buggy and pretty soon they got him raised up with Elmer. Buggy went right along with them. He gathered a dozen strong boys and built a fort up on the hill to take care of those farmers and then crops. When you take care of something, pretty soon you own it.

Buggy and his boys would stroll

on anybody who complained. They said it was a sin. Well, the farmers built a wall around the hill to sit in when the going got rough. They hated to see their crops burn up, but they hated worse to see themselves burn up and their wife Agnes and their daughter Chandra.

About that time the whole system turned over. Instead of Buggy protecting them, it was their duty to protect him. He said he got the idea from Elmer one full-moon night.

People spent a lot of time sitting behind the wall waiting for the smoke to clear and they began to feel around with willows from the river, making baskets. And it's natural for people to make more things than they need.

Now, it happens often enough so that you can make a rule about it

He explained the plan to me, and I had to agree that the risk was small and the rewards comparatively great. I pointed to go along with him on it, whereupon we immediately took leave of the gallery and visited the first whorehouse we could find.

The house was a small, unspectacular structure, obviously patronized primarily by a lower class of citizens. The plaque on the front door contained a list of only five women, the higher of whose price was a mere 10 sestercs.

"There is nothing quite as quaint as a low-class whorehouse," my poet friend smiled to me as he rapped on the door. "Now, let us see if we can run the Whoremaster."

It was a tall, bushy fellow who answered the door. Long accustomed to dealing with the occupants of the social ladder's lower rungs, he automatically sneered at us before asking what we wanted.

"We would like to buy your plaque," said my friend. "How much do you want for it?"

The whoremaster frowned and declared that we must be daft.

"I'll give you 20 sestercs for it," I said, taking the



coin from my pocket. "Surely it's not worth half that."

"Then why are you willing to pay so much?" he asked suspiciously.

"What concern is it of yours?" asked Eumolpus. "If we're fools enough to pay so high a price, why not be wise enough to take advantage of us?"

The deception was rather thin, but the masters of low-class whorehouses are not inclined to argue when a cash transaction is imminent—particularly if they think themselves to be the beneficiaries of such a transaction. Satisfied that no harm could come here, we were he to agree to selling the plaque, the whoremaster quickly took my coins from me, removed the plaque from the wall and handed it to us.

"And now," said Eumolpus, "if you will be so kind, would you supply us with a receipt, it is not common for men to walk the streets with such an object in their possession, and, unless we can actually prove that we are the rightful owners we may run afoul of the law."

Shrugging, the whoremaster scribbled a bill of sale, upon the receipt of which Eumolpus and I departed.

Now, as we walked the streets carrying our possession,

we were stopped by an officer of the law, who inquired where we had obtained it and under what circumstances. When we told him that we had purchased it, he refused to believe us, and took us to a magistrate. Only after displaying our bill of sale were we permitted to go our way.

Not long after being released by the magistrate, I encountered another officer of the law, who reacted to the first one had. Subsequently, there were three other officers who arrested us.

By nightfall, we had made five appearances before three separate magistrates; I, myself, was quite tired, and began to wonder if the plan of Eumolpus was worth the bother; my poet friend, however, seemed convinced that everything was going as scheduled.

After a small supper, which we ate at my lodgings, I returned to the streets—this time without the plaque we had bought. Our first stop was a very high-class whorehouse in one of the better sections of town, where Eumolpus, without much ado, took the plaque from the wall and handed it off with it. Stopped by an officer, we appeared before a magistrate again—one of those we had visited earlier in the afternoon—displayed our bill of sale, and were quickly released.

In this manner, we proceeded to steal each of the plaques on each of the whorehouses in the city. The securing our booty in my room, we went into hiding for three days.

On the fourth day, by which time the theft of the plaques was a subject of conversation throughout the city, we proceeded to each of the whorehouses we had robbed and told the whoremasters that we knew where their plaques were, furthermore, that we would retrieve them if they, in return, would allow each of us a night with the highest priced whores in the house.

Since the girls' services were the whoremaster's income, with as he liked, and since the cost of the stolen plaques was quite high—particularly in the more exclusive houses—we had no difficulty convincing all we approached that it would be desirable to stroke up such a bargain without a hitch.

Accordingly, we returned plaques and collected our rewards—thus, we wound up spending a night each at all the highest priced whores in the city. Considering the paltry investment of 20 sestercs, it was indeed a bargain.

Now, after we had made the last of our visits, Eumolpus and I retired again to my lodgings. I was forced to admit that I was in considerably better spirits.

"You see, my friend," he told me, "there are few things that a little good, honest mischief won't help a man do. The rich can forget their problems by contemplating the wealth, we intellectuals must do so by exercising our wits."

"I'm afraid," I admitted, "I still haven't forgotten the problem. I must admit that you've helped me think about it less, but it nonetheless remains to haunt me during the periods when I lower my mental guard."

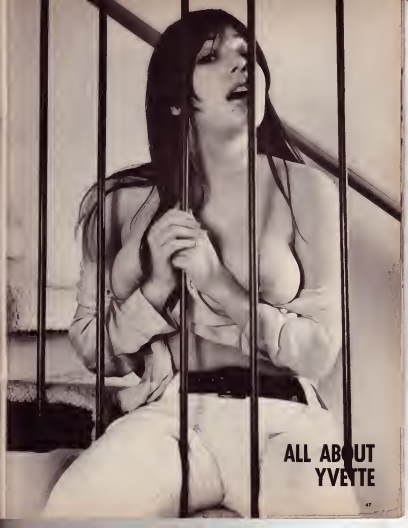
He nodded sadly.

"And so it will, my friend, for a good time yet to come. Such are the ways of emotional attachments. I sometimes wonder if we might not be better off if we divorced ourselves completely from emotional hassles—simply refusing to be a party to them, instead, spent our time in contemplation of sanity. True, our pleasures would be fewer, but so would our pains. It's the first law of nature that you can't have one without the other."

"It's a theory worth thinking about," I admitted.

"Think about it then," he replied. "But first, let me tell you the story I promised. You'll recall that I said our problem would bother you for some time yet. Obviously it has been nearly thirty years since the experience I told you about to relate to you, yet it still bothers me. Such is the price of emotional satisfaction, such is the tariff of love."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



**ALL ABOUT
YVETTE**



"I'M SUCCESSFUL because I'm aware of myself," says charming Yvette Marne, model, artist, hair and-dress designer—and, as she puts it, successful at all four.

"I know my own capabilities, what I can or cannot do, and I never start what I know I can't finish," she explains. "Some people call it positive thinking, but I prefer to term it un-negative thinking. There are things I can't, or won't do—such as driving a bread truck—but rather than dwell on why I can't do them, I just don't think of them at all. It's simpler."



Yvette Marne, 35-25-37, is living proof of the benefits of self-study





From feeding goldfish,
to studying Huxley,
Yvette is an 'ideal student'

While it may be true that sweet Yvette can't drive a bread truck, there isn't much else deleted from her list of successes. She has studied, on a university level, philosophy, psychology, oratory, acting, make up artistry . . . and the list goes on. To date, she has featured in an Olympic international motion picture and fashion modeled in some leading women's magazines.

Her likes and dislikes? "Men," she says, "I like men that are mentally and physically mature. And the two things that I simply can't stand are wasted time and men that are frustrated."

"My one ambition is to never stop learning. I would love to spend the rest of my life just studying and expanding my natural awareness." **D**







Adam's

TALES



DUCK

Question: What's black, brown, trim, and is dangerous as hell?

Answer: A crow with a steel gun.



GOSSIP

Two secretaries overheard at our watercooler:

"Did you hear that Eunice is getting married again?"

"She is? I didn't even know she was pregnant!"

IF YOU'VE GOT A CHOICE...

The doctor had just finished giving a young man a physical checkup, and he shook his head sadly.

"You're close to death," the doctor told him. "The best thing for you to do is give up smoking, drinking, get plenty of sleep and stay away from the women."

"I don't think that I really deserve the best," said the young man, after a moment's thought. "Do you have a second best?"

A HISTORICAL NOTE

We just learned that the phrase "Hush for our side!" dates back to the crowds that lined the streets when Lady Godiva made her famous ride.

THEY SMELL BAD

The passionate young man was beside herself with desire. But after two hours of detailed petting on the couch, the naive young woman that she was entertaining still hadn't made the "ter-proper" advances.

Finally, in exasperation, and hoping to get his attention at least in the right location, she leaned towards him and whispered seductively, "Would you like to see where they operated on my appendix?"

"Hell no," he replied. "I can't stand hospitals!"

Also



"I had to dress in a hurry to get here on time."

GAMING FOR FUN

We have a young secretary who thinks strip-poker is a wonderful game—because the guys always give back her clothes when they finish playing.

... AND WITHOUT A DIAPER, TOO!

Heard the one about the absent-minded professor who walked into the men's room, unbuttoned his vest and pulled out his tie?



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

"Sir," said the young man to his prospective father-in-law, "I would like to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage."

"Impossible," scowled the father. "You don't make enough money to keep her in the manner to which she is accustomed."

"We have discussed that matter," replied the young man, "and my daughter says that she will gladly go on whatever I earn."

"But what of later? You may be a mistake," and then you'll have little one to support as well."

"Well—that's true, sir," came the thoughtful answer. "But we're pretty lucky so far..."





PLAY A SAD SONG AND I'LL DANCE

The question
was, why was his
wife dead?

FOR THE LAST THREE weeks I've been drunk. And I do not mean that I have been drunk of a usual fun-fun-fun nature. I have been dead going-to-sleep-in-my-own-puke drunk. And that is drunk.

I've tried to pull myself together and come off it but each morning when I awaken the only way I can possibly ease the hangover pains is to gulp a few stiff ones. And by then it really doesn't matter anymore so I continue drinking for ten-twelve hours and pass out again. I don't know when I last changed clothes or bathed and I think I probably stink. But does it really matter?

This morning while I was still suffering with the throbbing in the back of my head and the actual pain in my legs I went into the bedroom, our bedroom. And I stared at the bed. I even walked over and touched it, caressed the pillow where her head had once rested. And I cried. It helped some, crying. It took me three weeks to cry.

Standing there with my hand on her pillow, the one on the right side of the bed, I had the strange feeling that she was still there because I could smell the lilies, perfume she used to wear to bed. But that was all,

all that was left of her. A slight lingering odor of lilies.

Then the doorbell rang. I answered it to find Mrs. Hedger standing there on my front steps, sad-eyed, with a bowl of soup in her hands. Mrs. Hedger lives on the north side in the Spanish style home with the lemon trees in the backyard. Her husband died three years ago.

"I brought you some soup, Harry—"

"Thank you, Mrs. Hedger. But I really—I don't think I can eat it."

"How long has it been—"

"Thank you, Mrs. Hedger," I said and tried to shut the door. But she pushed her way in. She insisted on a short visit with my grief. Or guilt.

"I want you to know we—all the neighbors. We all feel so sorry about it. There's some talk about you blaming yourself and you can't do that—"

And what made this silly old woman think I couldn't do that?

"We all loved Dorrea," she continued. "She was just like a daughter to me. You don't know how hurt I was when you—when they decided to make it a private funeral and none of us could pay our respects. You don't know what it is for me, living over there by myself and looking out my kitchen window expecting Dorrea

to come out and walk to the fence for a visit. You just don't realize."

She went on and on and on. Mrs. Hedger, you old fool, did you look out your kitchen window and see *him* with her? Did you and the rest of the lousy speaking neighbors who are so grief-stricken watch him come into my house—*one-hour*? Did you time his visits? Did you time their sex? And when I came home from work did you peep out from behind your curtains and see there goes poor Harry Wonder what is going to happen when he finds out? You did, didn't you Mrs. Hedger? Of course you did.

"—I went around myself and collected the money from everyone. Were they beautiful? We didn't get to see them—"

Too bad, Mrs. Hedger. Too damned bad. There were no flowers at Dorrea's funeral. No flowers, no friends, no neighbors. We sent all your god-damn flowers to a hospital. There was me. And there was Dorrea's mother. And the preacher. And the funeral director. That's all. And Dorrea had one white rose in her hand. Did you know she liked white roses? She carried one white rose the day we were

—back to page 56

by
RAYMOND
FRIDAY LOCKE

in my arms and dance around the room while you watch. And I'll feel the sick gaze of her floating green dress beneath my hands, in my arms. And under the floating green Doreen will be warm, firm, responding to my touch, following my lead. But we buried Doreen in her new green dress that sort of floated when she walked.

"—And what you ought to do is get out of this house just get completely away from here. Too many memories here, too many things to remind you of her. And I know exactly what you are going through. When my master died, oh Lord. What I went through, I wanted to go with him. I just didn't see how I was going to go on. Everything I touched reminded me of him. Everywhere I looked there was something, some little thing that made me remember—"

Memories, old lady? What do you know about memories? Would you

drink on talking it out of one's system. Keep trying. You haven't reached me yet. Not yet am I ready to tell you why Doreen killed herself but she didn't really. You'd mother cats if you knew that I killed her, wouldn't you? I didn't hold the pistol in her mouth and pull the trigger but I killed her. No, she managed the physical act of shooting herself, blowing her brains out all over the bathroom floor, all by herself. You know that much. You heard the shot. You were the one who called the police. You even called my office before the police got here. But you didn't get the satisfaction of telling me about it. I deprived you of that and I really am sorry. It could have been your great moment in life.

"—I told my sister intimate details of our life together. Told her everything we'd ever done and things we'd said to each other. I never thought I could tell anybody. Then I had myself a long cry and the worst part

thing like that! Didn't I tell Ada James with my own mouth it was something like that and nothing at all like what they were trying to make it out to be? I did—standing right in my front yard. I just knew it all along. That poor, poor child. Caeceer. I bet that's what it was, wasn't it? Now I recall how was and all she looked that last month or so. That poor, poor child. Couldn't face it, could she? And the Lord well understand that. It wasn't her hand that did it but his hand took her. Lord help us and her so young, so full of life."

"Yes."

"Now you just stop fretting like you are. There was nothing you could do about it. You just have to go on without her somehow. Make the best of things—"

She was standing now, the old hag, and there were actually tears in her eyes. God, what a balm this day was going to be to her.



like to see our bed? Would you like to see the bed where James Rowers made love to Doreen three or four afternoons a week while you waited behind your leary curtains? Would you like to touch the bed? But it wouldn't be the same to you. You never loved her. You never made love to her on that bed. But it's that bed that's haunting me. The same bed where I loved her and where he loved her. I can't sleep in it, can't even lie down on it. But I can't go too far away from it either. You wouldn't understand that, old lady. And I'm not sure that I understand that.

"—Talking about it with someone does help. A while after my master died I went to visit my sister in Oakland. I sat down and told her everything. Everything. It really did help, talking it all out of your system. It makes you finally realize they're gone."

Oh, sure. I'll pour myself another drink on that one. If you'd break down and have one with me we could

was over—"

God. And I'm supposed to be the lawyer here, the courtroom hotshot. Compared to you, old lady, I stutter.

"Mr. Hedger?" I said and the sound of my voice almost knocked her off her seat.

"What?" she asked, her mouth pinched, almost smug. She actually thought I was going to tell her something.

And I was.

"Mrs. Hedger, Doreen killed herself because there was something wrong. Internally. I don't want to go into detail about it but I will tell you that it was very serious. And she just didn't feel that she could face it. She wasn't up to living with it. She was doing some work for James Rowers, helping him with a book he's writing. Taking dictation. She used to be my secretary, you know. And she was a very good one. And you remember how interested she was in things pertaining to literature. She was."

"I knew it! I knew it was some-

"—And I'll fix you a nice hot supper and bring it over here. You have to start eating, have to eat on the best you can—"

With pleasure swelling in my chest, I watched her go. It was a hard decision she made, there on the sidewalk. A part of her wanted to run across the street and tell Ada James in person. On the other hand there was her telephone. And if she told Ada James first wouldn't Ada be on the phone telling people before she could get back home and tell them herself? And it was her story. The telephone won out.

I went back inside and poured myself my fourth drink of the day. Let her—let them—think it was cancer. What the hell. It was Mrs. Hedger's assumption. And I hadn't lied. There was something internally wrong with Doreen that she couldn't face. It was James Rowers' baby. The one that I had never been able to father for her.

The inexpensive,
carefree life of the
art colony is fine...
until the
tourists show up

Art Colony Blues

by CLARK COLLINS

IT WASN'T VERY LONG ago that if you were old enough to grow a beard and could afford a pair of denims and a beret, you could stick a sketch pad under your arm and hitchhike to the nearest art colony and go to hell in your own way, having a lot of fun in the process.

There was Woodstock, up in the Catskill Mountains, Greenwich Village on Manhattan, Cape Cod, Provincetown, the French Quarter in New Orleans, Laguna Beach, just south of L.A., Carmel, north in California, Taos, in New Mexico. There were the big ones but there were plenty of others spotted all over the country.

There never was and isn't any special requirement for the location of an art colony, but invariably cheapness of living and attractiveness of surroundings were basic. Good climate was also usually an item, if for no other reason than that most artists couldn't afford heat, that is unless you were living in some area where you could take the old hatchet out and chop your own wood.

You could nest yourself in a cold water flat in the Village for peanuts or a cabin on the Maverick road, near

Woodstock, would set you back as little as \$15 a month, and sometimes landlord Harvey White didn't bother to come around to collect. An old art colony man himself, he'd occasionally even, if he knew you were on your uppers, come around with a Laker of groceries, just to keep you working at whatever art it was you were trying to break into.

You wore denims or corduroys, along with chambray shirts, for everything from parties to going to the local little theatre, and looked out of place if you wore anything better than that.

Food consisted of a lot of hamburgers, or franks and beans, or if things were really tight, split pea soup. Liquor was cheap too. Up in the northwest it was usually bootleg applejack, or in the southwest, red wine which you bought by the gallon. Nobody had any money, so nothing more was expected. What's wrong with red wine, for God's sake?

Don't think it wasn't fun. During the day you took your crack at music, poetry, painting, sculpturing, writing, acting, or whatever, and in the evenings you got together and sat around

beating the breeze and trying to put time with the blonde who made a way modeling — and sleeping — out of kind of an amateur-pro business. There wasn't enough work for her.

The people you were associated with weren't interested in what you were going to take the season, or whether or not Dick Tracy would get the best of the moon, they had ideas to make. You did a lot of shouting in the moments.

And along about two in the morning, since it was winter and cold, you tried to swing a deal with the moon to help keep the bed warm.

Does it sound pretty good?

Well, it was good.

Trouble is these art colonies go through a cycle. The first one in the present winter lived in was Provincetown, the second the French Quarter and the third Taos. The same thing happened to all three.

It starts off an art colony, as a place to live as a struggling artist. But pretty soon the poets, the bohemians, the homos, the well-to-do hangers-on of the artistic set, are arriving. They put love to the side around artists, celebrities, interior



— whatever they are.

They buy up local property and build swank homes. Pretty soon somebody puts up an expensive bar-night-club, and somebody else builds a hotel. A supermarket devoted to selling souvenirs to tourists. A national magazine or so does up an article on the bohemian life.

Before you know it the place is crawling, prices are higher than anywhere else, and your friends are leaving town like lemmings. The word goes around: The new place to move to is Taos, out in the Rockies.

You'll never believe this, but when yours truly, first went to Taos he bought an adobe house for exactly \$400. Three years later he sold it to a couple of quacks who had decided they simply couldn't live without an artistic atmosphere, for \$2,400. Taos was already hot and it was a matter of moving on.

Like we say, that was only a few years ago.

Art colonies in the States today are a thing of the past — if you're using the definition above. However, that doesn't mean they've disappeared.

They've just moved abroad to

where the same circumstances apply that formerly did at home.

Possibly the nearest major art colony now is in San Miguel de Allende, in the Mexican State of Guanajuato, a few hundred miles south of the border. The town's got all the old requirements. About 5,500 feet in altitude, nestled in a small valley, and in the tropics, the weather is such that it's never so hot in summer but that you can't wear a sport jacket, and never so cold in winter that you need more.

In many seasons, the rain comes down very politely two hours every day, during siesta hours. You could set your watch by it. It's unlikely that there's a raincoat or umbrella in town. Who goes out during siesta?

San Miguel is a Spanish colonial town, and a Mexican national monument because of its beauty. There are no neon signs in town, nor any other kind. It's illegal. The streets are cobblestone, and the 14 churches go back to the times of the Spanish. It's picturesque as all hell.

It really started becoming an art colony when the G.I. Bill, following the Second War, allowed thousands

of former soldiers to take a crack at one of the arts. The Instituto Allende started up in an old monastery, and some of the best artists in North America were selected as teachers. The Instituto is still going today, although the students are more apt to be fairly well-beeled retirees from Deuche, Iowa, than young yearners wanting to break into painting, music or writing.

However, San Miguel hasn't gone to pot as an art colony as yet.

Ten years ago, you could rent a house or apartment for fifteen dollars, hire a maid for six bucks a month, get loaded when that was required by buying drinks for 8c a throw in the local bars, and in general, get by for from \$50 to \$100 a month — nicely.

But that was yesterday.

Today it'll cost you roughly double. You can still rent an apartment in the Palomar Apartments on San Francisco for about \$40.00 a month. That includes all furnishings, including linen and dishes, and utilities. Living rooms with fireplace, two bedrooms, kitchen and bath.

A article (read) comes to about
— turn the page

COLONY, from page 39

\$20.00 a month, and there's no use thanking you can do without one. A *crisolito* is everything from interpreter, shopper, cook, bouncer for lower prices, to a bed companion if you're single. In the latter case, she's known as a *sleeping-crisolito*, but the pay seldom differs.

The local hangout is the *Casascho*, located right on the main square. Sooner or later, anybody in the foreign colony or the arts shows up there.

At the Cuke a two-ounce slug of tequila will set you back 10c. American, a bottle of beer, and Mexican beer is the best in the world, 10c, a *maritón* or other mixed drink, the same.

You can boast that in other bars that don't particularly cater to the American. At the *Inferno*, over near the market, tequila is still one peso (eight cents) a drink and a Mexican wine drink is roughly three times what you get in the States and more.

However, most drinking is done at home. Local entertainment leans heavily on getting together and shooting the breeze over Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic, over Cuba and China, over Civil Rights and the New Left, over modern art, or the disappearance of it, over Norman Mailer and John O'Hara, over Bill Burroughs, of Naked Lunch fame, and eating peyote or taking L.S.D. It's possible to get TV reception, but the present writer can honestly say he doesn't know of a single member of the foreign colony who has a set. Some of the Mexicans do, but not the artists.

Drinking at home can be as cheap that entertainment is no problem. A half-dozen friends drop in and start working away at your liquor, and you couldn't care less. Tequila, when you buy it in five-liter (slightly more than a quart) jugs, sells for 85c a liter. Top Hacerú rum is about half again as much as gin and vodka. Mexican rum, gin and vodka are as good as any in the world.

Food, by American standards, is cheap, if you eat Mexican style, rather than American. That is, if you shop in the market, rather than buy canned goods or frozen, in the town's one supermarket. Fruits and vegetables are dirt cheap and there is nothing like the tree-ripened oranges, the ripe pineapples, the *avocadoes*, the papayas, in the northern countries.

What do you do with your time besides sit around enjoying lubricated conversation of an evening? Toward's, a hot springs swimming pool, is a short distance out of town. You can

swim there every day in the year. There are two pools, one as blisteringly hot that you have to lower yourself into it inch by inch—fabulous for hangovers. The other is king-size and although always warm, you can enjoy the swim.

The local movies almost always run American films, often reruns of classics. The films are in English, with Spanish subtitles.

There's a local English language library with a surprising selection of books. The thing is that everyone goes back to the States, or a retiree dies, the library inherits his books. It piles up. It's one of the best American libraries that winter has ever seen outside the borders of the United States.

The *Instituto* runs courses in every art you've ever heard of and a few others. Handicrafts, too, from pottery to handicrafts. Or you can study Spanish there. The school is a branch of the University of Guanajuato and you can obtain a Master's degree.

You can rent homes, at low prices by American standards, and take out over the countryside on such projects as amateur archeology. It's recently been discovered that the Toltec Indians originated in this area before heading south. There are pyramids and other ruins, and a multitude of graves continually being found. If you put the scratch on some pottery or other artifacts, or buy them from a person who dug them up in his field, the Mexican government takes a dim view if they catch you. It doesn't seem to stop anybody.

Oh, there's lots to do in an art colony besides work.

But frankly, San Miguel isn't the ideal colony it once was. In fact, a lot of the old gang are beginning to drift over to Europe, largely to Spain, though Greece and Italy are still in the running, as is Tangier, Morocco.

A few years ago, the big Spanish art colony was Torremolinos, on the Costa del Sol, a stretch running from Gibraltar about a hundred miles north to Málaga. Torremolinos was a picturesque fishing town about eight miles south of Málaga, which in itself is one of the most beautiful cities in Andalusia.

When the present writer went to Torremolinos in 1956, he first stopped at the *Restoré Pasion*, noon and three meals came to 50 pesetas (you get sixty pesetas for a dollar now, but in those days you only got 48). And *Restoré* had the best cook in town. You had to buy your own wine to go with your meals, and that set you back 10c a liter, which is slightly more than a quart.

The trouble was, a room in the

Restoré wasn't big enough to do an entertaining so a villa was found, the bedrooms, extensive gardens, beautiful view out over the Mediterranean for \$18 a month.

It was a great town, and so formal as you can get. And some of the farthest-out characters ganged around. You sat down at *Mariela*, sidewalk cafe for a while, wine, some cold shrimp (3c a glass for wine, and the shrimp came free), next to you was Count Felix de Luckner, the Son Desol of World War One fame, who ruled allied ships in a windjammer. Behind you was Baron Wrangel, without his swastika away that eyepatch. Two miles down were Hollywood's Mitcha and Paul Lukas, who didn't bother wear his toupee or live up to his reputation as one of the best-dressed in movies. There were no disheveled tourists around to bother people's autographs.

But that was the good old *Mohobley* did a piece on Torremolinos and it started getting into all the travel guides. Before you knew it was booming like the French Riviera and you couldn't rent a closet without what you used to pay for a ten-dollar villa.

It was the same old story all over again. Most of the gang wandered. Some to Tangier, over in Morocco where anything goes, anything. Some drifted to Positano, just south of Naples in Italy, although Italian prices are on the high side for colonies. A few made it to Greece and such islands as Rhodes, posing the most beautiful island resort in the Mediterranean.

And—some of the gang's going love me for this—a sensible man moved down the coast about twenty-five miles to Fuengirola.

Which is what we've been heading up to all this time.

So if you're old enough to grow a beard, and can afford a pair of jeans, a beret and a sketch of this is what you do.

You can't hitchhike any longer, less than \$150 will buy you a pass on the Yugoslavian Lines from New York to Tangier. A ferry takes you across to Gibraltar for about two bucks. Another two bucks will buy you bus to Fuengirola.

Drift into the *Quintanilla*, where a glass of wine will set you back one peseta (16c) and realize the fact that you're looking around for a cheap home or apartment on the beach.

For *crisolito*, don't tell them you sent you, everybody's trying to get this art colony a secret.

STOP to SHOP with Adam

It's just it's convenient to shop by mail!
Your satisfaction guaranteed or money back on
all products (Personalized items excepted.)



PRECISION BUTANE LIGHTER — \$5.00

No more smelly lighter fluid, burnt out wicks and dirty carbon! Here's a brand new, precision-made lighter that burns clean, colorful butane gas. It's a beauty, and economical too! One refill lasts for months. Takes any standard butane refill flame adjusting wheel control for cigarettes, pipes or cigars! Attractively gift boxed complete with 1914 wheel during brush and extra flints. Chrome or gold finish. Send only \$5 each includes tax and postage. **NAT. ENT., BOX 68804, LOS ANGELES 88, CALIF.**



AUTO-IGGER MEASURE, \$1.50

The only way to make bartending fast, easy, and neat! Professionals use 'em all the time. "Auto-Igger" sits over the top of any whiskey bottle and automatically measures out a full one ounce shot every time you pour. No guesswork, no mess! "Auto-Igger" is the first really professional quality unit to sell at such a fantastically low price. Precision made of sturdy, rust and tamper-proof aluminum. Send only \$1.50 ea. to: **NATIONAL SHOPPER, Box 68804, Los Angeles 88, California.**



LUXURIOUS BOOK SECRETARY — \$2.00

Here truly is a valued possession, a treasured gift, magnificent in every detail, perfect for both home and office. It's beautifully bound inside and out of the finest red leatherette. On the cover is a gold lion's crest bordered by gold and black bookbinder detail. Inside, memo pads for every day of the week and handy name and phone number index. Worth much more than its \$2.00 bargain price. Gift boxed. **NATIONAL SHOPPER, Box 68804, Los Angeles 88, Calif.**



COFFIN NAILS CIGARETTE BOX

Create a laugh riot with this most unusual cigarette box. It's shaped just like a miniature coffin, lid, handles and all. The box is divided to hold two full packs of cigarettes, regular or king size. Just watch the faces of your friends next time you offer them a cigarette. It's the most talked about sensation ever. Beautifully constructed of marbled plastic with gold handles and inlaid, only \$1.50 ea. **NATIONAL SHOPPER, Box 68804, Los Angeles 88, Calif.**



BUSTY WHISKEY BOTTLE COVER

Be the first to get or give this new laugh riot of home bar accessories. It's new! It's sensational! "Busty" fits over any regular 5th bottle of whiskey. She's outstanding—looks real, feels real, and is made of tough, washable plastic, hand painted in life-like color. Just moisten bottle, slip her on and she holds snugly—it's that easy. Use again and again. Complete in beautiful gift box. Send only \$2.00 ea. to **NATIONAL SHOPPER, Box 68804, Los Angeles 88, California.**



DRINK STIRRERS FROM VEGAS! — \$1.00

These fabulous drink stirrers from Las Vegas nightclubs will make every drink you serve a conversation piece! It's the newest gift idea in bar accessories from America's "action" city. Six daily colored drink stirrers, plus two beverage caps, each from a different night club or gambling casino! A great gift! Send only \$1.00 for each set to: **NATIONAL SHOPPER, Box 68804, Los Angeles, California 90088.**



PERSONALIZED POCKET STAMP

Print your name and address on letters, envelopes and all your personal possessions with this handy rubber stamp. Prints in clear legible ink. Gifts, can even be used to personalize checks. Comes in shiny plastic case complete with bellows ink pad. The case is small and light enough to carry in your pocket. When ordering, be sure to print your name and address clearly on three lines. Send \$1 to: **NATIONAL SHOPPER, Box 68804, Los Angeles 88, California.**



"LEGGY" BALL POINT PEN

For those to whom writing is a chore, and for those who like something special in the way of personal effects, here's the pen that makes even check writing seem like a real pleasure. This attractive ball point pen is shaped like a glamorous feminine leg. The point is fully retractable. It has its own clip, and can be carried in your pocket, where it's sure to cause comment. Send \$1.00 for yours today to: **NATIONAL SHOPPER, Box 68804, Los Angeles 88, Calif.**



BATTERY COCKTAIL MIXER . . . \$1.50

Create a real "oh" among your friends at your next party with this battery-powered cocktail mixer. Press the button—boom! Your drink is mixed in an instant! Professional metal construction, beautiful chrome finish. Any standard "C" type battery provides full power for months of party use. A great gift! Send \$1.50 for this ingenious and useful bar accessory to: **NATIONAL SHOPPER, Box 68804, Los Angeles 88, Calif.**

The farewell party was so wild, he almost missed the journey

THEY'RE SINGING 'BON VOYAGE,' BUT NOT FOR ME

By D. G. LLOYD

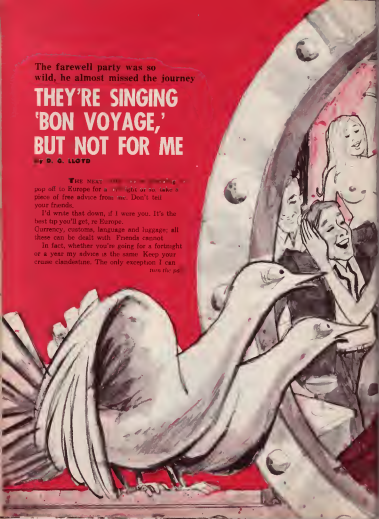
THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE GOING TO pop off to Europe for a fortnight or so, take a piece of free advice from me. Don't tell your friends.

I'd write that down, if I were you. It's the best tip you'll get, re Europe.

Currency, customs, language and luggage; all these can be dealt with. Friends cannot.

In fact, whether you're going for a fortnight or a year my advice is the same. Keep your cruise clandestine. The only exception I can

make the po-







GET 42 SETS OF 12 PHOTOS

504 PHOTOS
NOW ALL
FOR ONLY \$1

Full sized to suit adults,
mediums (children, adults
reprints) May 1952 (Star)
reprints) 10¢ each (Star)
guaranteed or money
back! Rush \$1

SENSATIONAL
PHOTO OFFER
Box 4214, Box 538
Hollywood, 48, Cal

BILL TROUBLES?

NOBODY REFUSED US TO \$75,000.00

See Great - No Problem - Get a Loan Co.

Send your name and address for FREE INFORMATION

In money order for cash advance

ATLANTIC ASSOCIATES, Dept. 19

146 Pennsylvania St., New York 101

2512 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Arizona

MEN.

Send for free information regarding highest
quality book, movie for the sophisticated
adult male. Guaranteed to be the best
you've ever seen. Also available 20mm
and 8mm color film.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED 100%
INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTING CO.
P.O. Box 3149 - Hollywood 28, California

NEW NUDIST MOVIES

Color — Black & White
Full Sample Film, only

\$1

Colors and 8mm film

B&H SALES, Box 771, Northridge, Calif.

ORIGINAL
UNFINISHED
UNRECORDED

PHOTOS

We have the photos and more. Free pictures to
request. UNFINISHED and UNRECORDED photos of
young girls. PHOTOS in 12 inch and 8 inch sizes.
Also colored for their albums. 100% GUARANTEED
photos and color of celebrities. Price only \$1.00 or \$1.50
for 1000 (not different). No other part. L. M. T.
CASSETTA 2 1/2 inch 16 mm. 17 M. T. L. M. T.

SWEDEN

YOUNG SWEDISH LOVELY GIRLS

Young girls — 18-25 years — from movie
in black and white or in color, photographs,
color slides. Full Model. Liberal catalogue.
Send one dollar J.E.C., Dept. 3, Box 22,
Malmö, SWEDEN

BURLESQUE MOVIE

GREATEST EVER FILMED

The girl who never stops laughing, sensational
social scenes. Send \$100.00 for color, photographs,
color slides — money back if not the best you've
ever seen! Send \$3 for full length BURLESQUE

TIGER PRODUCTION LAB

Box 6781, Dept. 2, L.A. Hollywood 48, Calif.

GALS WHO MADE IT!

See them in the type of show
made before they reached the
top! Lovely, lively, authentic,
guaranteed to please!

MOVIES (10mm, 16mm) \$3.00

MOVIES (16mm, 100 ft) \$5.00

PHOTOS (4x5) \$1.00

SLIDES (2x2) \$1.00

BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD

Box 1000, Dept. 318, 400 W. Hollywood, 48, Calif.

VOYAGE, from page 83

think of is deportation. I'm not sure
I'd make an exception then, either.

Friends all have the same reaction
when they learn you're working the
passport office. First they're envious,
and second they're helpful. Envy you
can live with, but help will scuttle
your departure faster than a declara-
tion of war.

Helpful friends fall into two cate-
gories: those who've been abroad and
those who haven't. The former may
offer a few sound pieces of advice.
The latter will offer a hundred.

But even if you toss out those pre-
liminary shoals, the big iceberg still
lies dead ahead. This is where veteran
voyagers shout "Mayday" and reach
for the collision alarm. I'm referring
to the bon voyage party. S.O.S. in
any language!

When I consider bon voyage par-
ties, I'm asked Columbus got across.
You may think the Atlantic Ocean is
the only thing lying between you and
the sunny shores of St. Tropez. You
couldn't be more wrong. The crossing
is an anticlimax to the hour that pre-
cedes it. If you can get to sea, it's
all down hill from there.

A bon voyage party is the Moment
of Truth. Your bags are packed, your
bank made up, your champagne at
the ready. It's now or never. Only an
inspired, last-ditch effort by your
buddies can torpedo you. Inevitably,
they rise to the challenge.

Please don't get me wrong. I think
a good pre-sailing bash is de rigueur
on someone else's ship. Some of
my happiest memories stem from
launching pals into the salty realm of
tax-free cigarettes. Some of my hap-
piest losses of memory do, too.

But when next it comes my turn to
cross that three-mile limit, let there
be no weeping and no streamers.
The vaccination is on the
other arm, then. It's duck gloves and
up-catcher at dawn under an assured
treat, for baby, I've learned my lesson.

I say "when next it comes my
turn." You may surmise, correctly,
that I coup from experience. I coup,
as it happens, not from one experi-
ence but several, each more traumatic
than the last, just as a glibly example,
let me tell you about that last.

IN RETROSPECT, I THINK my great-
est goof was letting George Norton
know I was going. Norton is the kind
of friend I cherish at a distance. And
only at a distance. He's a practical
joker and a real card, Norton, and he
often writes me funny letters. I wish
I could keep our conversations purely
postal.

But rendered overconfident by im-
minent departure, I had to phone

him. It seemed safe enough. The sail-
ing was at four p.m. on Tuesday, I
called him Monday night.

"I'm off to the Continent tomorrow
afternoon," I said, trying on the con-
tinental a bit. "I just wanted to say
goodbye."

"What time's the party?" said
Norton.

I fought off waves of panic. "A few
people may drop by the ship around
three," I said, "but I suppose that's an
afterward time for you, so I just called
to say —"

"I'll be there at noon. Count on me.
Wouldn't you?"

My heart did the bathysphere bet.
"Laten George —" I said. But he's
hung up.

Frankly, Norton's not the sort of
person I want my friends to meet. I'm
not being snobbish. Norton isn't
someone I'd want anyone's friends to
meet. But then, I hadn't wanted to
give a party, either.

Until a week before I'd played it
cool. I'd told no one. All my calls re-
travel agents had been from pas-
sengers. The pamphlets I brought
home were buried as soon as I had
read them. My Bertha records were
covered with Lawrence Welk stickers,
so no one would pick them up.

Then I made one slip. Breaking the
habit of a lifetime at lunch one day,
I sprang for the drinks — and ac-
cidentally spilled some shavings on the
tray. The game was up. (And I
served me right.) Within five minutes
the news was promulgated and the
party planned. And now I'd made a
second blunder, and Norton would be
there. Oh well, I thought. That would
serve them all right.

Norton didn't really come at noon.
He arrived on the pier, outside the
fence that separates the wharves
from the seafarers, as we were lined
up to present our tickets. Norton has
an impressive sense of humor, and
could barely wait to exercise it. He
did wait, though, till I was right be-
fore the examining officer's desk. There
he hailed me.

"Lloyd!" he bawled. "You want
That was her person twenty years
ago put up for the bail!"

The officer, a burly military type
glanced up. I didn't concentrate
on the forms in front of me with
my night. Only the hairs on the back
of my neck stirred Norton grinned.

"Hey," he called, "you look per-
fect. Not a trace. The passport has
scarcely covers up those mauls!"

The examining officer cleared his
throat. I looked up and smiled feebly.
He didn't smile back, I cleared my
throat. He cleared his throat. I went
back at the forms like a speedbreath.
He made a minute inspection of my
passport.

"Which suitcase has the dynamite?" asked Norton.

A nearby whistle gave a sudden blast. The officer dropped my passport. I broke my pencil. We were off to a smothering start.

Each gangway to the ship, on sailing day, has two entrances. The one for passengers is unobstructed. The other leads past a desk where visitors "may donate fifty cents to the Service and Recreation Fund if they choose." If they choose to get on board, that is. And gauging the depth of my friends' devotion, I felt confident that would thus their ranks.

It didn't. Not at all. They swept aboard, two by two, as though the flood waters were rising. Judging by the sight that met me when I found A-54, my cabin, the S & R Fund

you getting enough to drink?"

"Never touch it," said Garnethorn or Keck, who clearly had been touching it all afternoon. "Never." He rucked on his heels and beamed.

"This is Sunchair Peck," said Norton, returning with another cardplate. "He makes things with his hands."

"How do you do?" I said. "I don't," said Peck, amiably. "He made that up."

"I'm Garnethorn," said Keck. "You'll have to speak up. It's awfully noisy in here."

"This is Winslow Bonck," said Norton, bringing in a new member. "He's a retired Kamikaze pilot."

And so it went. Norton had a sherry word for everyone. In quick succession he introduced me to a trumpet cleaner, an ex-prize, and a

the blonde.

"Have another try," urged her date, passing her a fresh bottle.

"Remember the Maine?" shrieked a seafarer, apparently under the impression that the steward was of Spanish extraction.

"I don't think that's a good subject to raise," I said tentatively. It was too late. Norton had taken up the cry.

"Remember the Titanic?" he shouted. "Remember the Lusitania?"

"Remember the Andrea Doria?" shouted the blonde cheerfully.

An uneasy murmuring arose from the adjacent compartments. Three stewards and an assistant purser appeared in the doorway, imploring us to stop the noise. Norton grabbed the officer.

"This is Harmon Fleck," he announced. "He has gold stripes on his sleeve."

Two dozen guests had formed a snake chain, and they now headed down the passageway to the tune of "It Was So-and-When That Gre-cat Ship Went Down, cha-cha-cha." Several of them carried empty bottles on which they blew, to simulate distress whistles.

"Please!" begged another officer, staring on the scene. He stood in our doorway wringing his hands.

"Isn't it true that all these tubs should be condemned?" demanded the blonde, who looked as if she should be, herself.

"The lifeboats are rotten, the lifeboats are rotten," chanted the snake chain, coming around a bend.

"Hello," said a brisk type, who slipped in followed by two photographers. "We're from the Ocean Press. Get some good ones, boys."

There was a fanfare of flutists. I blinked and shaded in the glare.

"These must be some mumble," I said.

"Not at all," said the brisk type. "I understand you're taking a petition to The Queen to have prostitution legalized in Great Britain."

"No!" I protested. "No!"

"Ah-ah," chuckled the man, wagging a finger at me. "Don't play coy, Mr. Keck. We got the whole story from your brother."

I looked around frantically for Norton. He had temporarily disappeared. My "brother?" The snake chain went by the door, singing a new lyric to Farmer In The Dell. The foghorn doesn't work, the foghorn doesn't work, hi-ho the derry-o-o-o.

I tried to seek refuge on my bunk, but was horrified to find it had disappeared also. Someone had released the catch on the upper, and it had swung down, trapping thirty or forty people under it. The worst part was, they had the champagne with them.

—then to page 86



"See, I always told you he was a no good, two-fining rat, sis."

must have been in my debt for over a dollar. I was deeply moved.

A-54 was not what you would call unimpressive. 122 cubic inches, I believe the deck plan said. Perhaps at first sight, it didn't really matter. But when you see the glee chair and three other "special" beds, Hollywood Bowl

is a low chance I could spot at least one jumper. Later I discovered that in any way you look at it, the room outnumbered. Fortunately, the steward handled all the introductions. The dining room, however.

"This is Garnethorn," he said, handing me a card. "He's a retired Kamikaze pilot." I remembered that a certain name Garnethorn. "He's in fact."

"How do you do?" I said. "Are

men who head gorillas for show. Meanwhile twenty-eight new guests arrived, several glasses shattered, a charades match was started, and two coats from Scamton passed out in the shower.

I fought my way back to where a battalion of strangers were clustered on my bunk, playing a game. First they would pass a red button on the bulkhead. Then they would shake up a bottle of champagne, pass it, and plunk the steward with the cork as he looked in the door. They had grown extremely accurate with practice.

"The only good steward is a dead steward," screamed a disheveled blonde thickly. POP! WOOSH. Another steward hit the deck, or nearly, as the cork sniped his earlobe. "Somebody joggled my elbow," complained

VOYAGE, from page 63

However, when I got the bunks apart, no one inside seemed to have noticed. They had their own party going, and a quartet was happily chorusing "A-54, Where Are You?" All I got for my pains was a champagne cork in the teeth.

"Good shot Betsy," cheered an unpleasant-faced young man who seemed to be wearing an Inverness cape.

"Someone jiggled my elbow," mumbled Betsy, "or I'd have gotten his eye."

"Serves him right," said the man in the cape, which I now recognized as the bed spread. "I hate crumbers."

The photographers had gone, so I squirmed through to the door again. I remembered that I was supposed to see the punter before sailing, to arrange for seating in the dining room. When I emerged, however, Norton ambushed me.

From somewhere he'd uncrowed a funnel, and using it as a megaphone had lined up scores of passengers. "All right," he bellowed, "here he is. Keep the line moving, please. Have your money ready."

"Two!" said a fat man, thrusting money in my hand. "In the sun."

"Four!" said the woman behind him.

"Four what?" I stammered.

"Deck chairs," snapped the man.

"And make sure they have lap robes," said the woman.

"KEEP THE LINE MOVING, PLEASE," urged Norton.

Concave that I am, I dropped their cash and fled. No doubt Norton picked it up again. For my part, I didn't stop until I'd put two decks between me and the crowd. Then I sought the puer and requested a dining room billet.

"First or second sitting?" he asked, plucking his mustache.

I paused. Everyone seemed to have strong views on this point, except me. Having tried both, I could see no difference. "What do most people prefer?" I asked.

"I'd say your best bet was definitely second sitting," he said, yawning.

"Really? Why?"

"Lots to sleep late."

"Good."

"Also leaves more time for the bar before dinner."

"Great," I said. "I'll take it."

"Sorry," he said scratching himself. "Should have come sooner. Only have first sitting left."

I signed up and trundled back to my cabin. While still some distance away, I began to meet swarms of passengers carrying furniture. Many were running.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Ship's sinking," yelled a fat little man carrying a chair. "Just get the

word."

"We're all supposed to throw ballast overboard," explained his wife, struggling under a mattress. "To lighten it."

"Now just a damn minute," I said. I hope it won't be felt I lack a sense of humor. I enjoy a gag as much as the next guy, except when the next guy is George Norton. But this time I felt he'd gone too far. Shoving ballast-beans aside, I raced down the passageway.

"Keep calm, folks," shouted Norton as I skidded to a stop. "Here's the First Mate. He'll take charge here. Don't worry, you're in good hands now." He handed me the megaphone and went off to start a cockroach scare in the saloon.

"All right folks," I said, rising to the situation. "You can secure all ballast. Thank you for your cooperation. The drill went splendidly. Next, there'll be a shuffleboard tournament starting on the after deck in five minutes."

I turned and walked to my cabin. Dodging a cook, I stuck the megaphone inside.

"Now hear this," I screamed. "Now hear that FIRE! Fire in the powder magazine. Fire in the fuel tanks. Fire under cable A-54. Abandon ship! That is, ABANDON SHIP! Remember Pearl Harbor!"


They went. All of them. Like rats. And when the rat had vanished up the passageway, fumbling with the ties on his life jacket, I slipped inside and bolted the door.

The door stayed bolted until the first gentle motion of the deck told me we were underway. Even then I took no chances. Norton would cry a pretty long wail for a joke. I didn't step outside that cabin until the Statue of Liberty was less make-up. And I didn't go on deck till dark.

The rest of the cruise was lovely. The food proved delicious and plentiful, especially at first sitting, and the liquor was cheap. The sea shone warm and the sun stayed gentle.

Two days later I accidentally loosened the upper bunk, and a blonde with a champagne bottle rilled out. She was warm and gentle, too, and we got to be fast friends. But the customs people wouldn't let me keep her.

Norton apparently got ashore. At least, I didn't hear from him again that voyage. Still, nothing that happened subsequently altered the decision I arrived at then. I may have reconsidered it before, but I'll repeat it just for emphasis.

The next time I'm planning to pop off to Europe for a fortnight or so. Well, you get the message. 


DEAR ADAM

THAT LORNA GIRL

In your May issue of ADAM I ripe-ly liked the water scene of Lorna Maliland from the movie *Mad Honey*.

I have read several articles on her but I have never seen her movies since your issue. And could you tell me if she is married, where she lives now and what film she has appeared in? I think your fine magazine could do well by running a four or five page spread on her!


Wallace J. Blackman Jr.
Springfield, Va.

 Lorna Maliland has appeared in the movies *Lorna* and *Mad Honey* as well as in *nightclub on the West Coast*. As far as we know she is not married. Her measurements are 40-24-36 and we are working on the personal idea.

MORE REINA HORTEN FANS

As far as I am concerned Reina Horten is the most sensational cover girl I've ever seen on ADAM and I've seen scores of them. How about featuring her on the cover again soon? No need to wait until she is selected as your cover girl of the year is there?


Dave Stewart
Little Rock, Ark.

 No Dave, there isn't. So don't fantasize about modeling ADAM!

I just saw the film *Mad Honey* and I think Hollywood—at last—has found a replacement for the late Marilyn Monroe. And I do mean the "real" blond Reina Horten.

Could you possibly tell me where I can write her? Is she married? Any other information about her will be appreciated.

Len Dean
New Orleans, La.

 Beautiful Reina Horten was born in Berlin, Germany. Her measurements are 32-24-36 and she's featured in a new *Unusual picture* called *Out of Sight*. You may write her in care of Universal City Studios, North Hollywood, California.

MEN VS. WOMEN

Your article in the June issue of ADAM, "What Men Do To Women" should be entitled "What Women Do To Men. Maybe some men do drive their wives to chest but on the other hand some women drive their husbands to chest. And I should know.

Name Withheld
San Diego, Calif.

Boy would I like to tell that George Starbuck Gallworth, who wrote "What Men Do To Women" in the June issue, where to get off. What makes her think she's such an expert on men anyway?

Thomas H. Kopp
Hollywood, California

 We'll ask her!

HE LINES EVE

Your article's box for Jane, Rita Butler, is sensational. I don't think I have ever seen a more interesting group of photographs in a magazine than the ones taken of her by Andre de Dienes. I have been a professional photographer for several years and I take my hat off to a photographer who can use the camera with such artistry.

Ben Saunders
Boston, Mass.

**COMING
UP IN
THE
NEXT
ADAM**



RENA HORTEN REVISITED

Her face graced our May cover, this beautiful German girl who has created a sensation in Hollywood and has become known as "that Mad Money Girl". And our readers are still writing us about that cover. Next month Rena will be on the cover again, becoming the second girl in the history of ADAM to appear on our cover twice in one year (Jane Wilkinson was the other). And we'll devote several pages to Rena inside the next ADAM!

THOSE STALKING GERMAN GIRLS

The German female has become the sex symbol of Europe, stalking the continent, prowling for wild scenes. You'll learn all about them in the next ADAM.

THE TOMBS OF THE MOVING DEAD

A strange true tale of bodies that won't stay buried!

plus: a wild lineup of fiction by CON SELLERS, WILLIAM L. SPRAGUE and THOMAS H. SCHULZ

and: Girls, natch. Besides Rena Horten there is a fine lineup of beauties... like Marisa, the smouldering Italian lovely pictured here... You have a date with them next month!



RAQUEL WELCH, star of the elaborate science fiction film, **THE FANTASTIC VOYAGE**, is **ADAM's** cover girl this month. The lovely (37-23-36) Miss Welch plays a lady doctor who, along with her peers, is reduced to microscopic size and injected into the bloodstream of a famous doctor to perform a delicate brain operation **FROM THE INSIDE**.



ADAM's Eve

Vicky Kennedy